

The Unchanging Values Of The 'Middle Canadians'

JULY 1970/CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE/35¢

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CANADA REPORT JULY 1976



O Canada, He Stands On Guard For Thee

THE MANAGER of the Royal Bank of Canada in Port of Spain was imperforable, cool as Clint in India, in a startling new role for Canadians in the Caribbean, that of the colonist under siege. When riots erupted in the Trinidad capital on April 21, he simply shut the bank, sent his staff home, and went to play golf. On that same day, as student gladiators demolished Canadian "traders" and crowds shouted for the expulsion of foreigners, a Canadian diplomat worked. "Now don't exaggerate that face set there." What was he going to do? "I'm going to close practice, as usual."

The diplomat never got to close practice. A curfew kept him off the streets. An angry new reality was seeping through: the Caribbean, a corner of the world most Canadians think of only as carefree pleasure islands, a corner where 110,000 of its slighest and sad and stiff heads laid year. The banker was recalled from the doorway, to

board up his bank's broken windows. Dennis, bred of poverty, had finally rebelled in the sight of the affluence beside it, the affluence mostly of the foreign and the local light-skinned. Economic nationalism, black nationalism, is moving through the Commonwealth Caribbean, where a startled Canada finds itself a dominant power in the economies of 4.5 million people. That nationhood threat became 10 West Indian students had been dead, 533,500 in Montreal for destroying the \$2-million computer centre at Sir George Williams University last year.

In Trinidad and Guyana, "they think the trial was just a monkey trial," says Blair Humphrey, a chemistry-teaching professor of the Canadian University Service Centers in Port of Spain. Anti-Canadian protests in Trinidad led to money Black Power demonstrations, which led in turn to an even revolt. The revolt failed, but the atmosphere has soured on an

... In Trinidad, the riot cop keeps the peace after assaults on Canadian banks. He's there because of growing new hostility to Canada's \$600-million investment empire in the Commonwealth Caribbean

BY COURTNEY TOWER
AND C. ALEXANDER BROWN

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CARRIBBEAN continued

ever since," says a Caribbean expert in External Affairs in Ottawa. This, combined with Canada's economic role, meant: "We're not colonialists by intent, but by circumstance we're faced with a responsibility." In the thick of the noise, Maclean's senior reporter C. Alexander Brown in Trinidad and Tobago, Guyana and Jamaica to report their "private" feelings about Canada's sugar role. Brown, a black Canadian, born in Jamaica, reported first from Port of Spain:

"I walked from the diplomatic community's office into a mob of young men. They ripped the film from my camera. Then one said: 'Get the hell out of here!' Before I did, he added, 'Sorry, man, but people are tired of the whole damn situation. Violence is the only way!'"

"My last pictures had captured some of the riotous fat and misanthropies of their anger. Independence Square, with Canadian banks dominating three of its corners, looked like a den of vipers, people denouncing foreign economic control, students marching with older men who have not known work for 10 and 20 years."

Brown found other friction points. All signal less comfortable relations between Canadian and the Caribbean countries.

Trinidad-Tobago — One million population, average per capita income \$850 a year, unemployment 20-30%, under-employment massive. Says Brown: "I walked through Canadian banks and found they hire Trinidadians all right, but mostly the white and the light-skinned ones — there are very few black Indians in management class." **Guyana** — 750,000, per capita income \$210 a year, unemployment 15%, under-employment massive. Prime Minister Forbes Burnham's government plans to take over 51% of Alcanco's Company of Canada's \$150-million bauxite-mining operation over an indefinite period. Burnham, running ahead of most Caribbean radicals, is setting a possible future picture in the West Indies for



CONTRAST IN THE CARIBBEAN top photo shows Guyanese workers' housing at Canada's Alcan mine; lower photo shows a typical Jamaican side home on the exclusive north coast

dealing with foreign investment. The policy is "We will control our own resources." **Jamaica** — 1,800,000, per capita income \$442 a year, unemployment 20-30%, under-employment massive. Here there's a little overt friction with Canadians or other foreigners, but there's a constant threat of spreading violence — murders, ramping, robberies — by desperately poor people who live beside the retirement wealth of rich Jamaicans, of foreign-owned hotels, foreign-owned banks, real estate and insurance companies.

The friction is inescapable simply because, as a Trinidad cabinet member puts it, "Canada's presence is so massive." Canada's \$600-\$800 million private investment, including \$300 million by Alcan to extract bauxite from Jamaica and Guyana

Alcan is the largest single industry in both nations. Canadian banks control from 60-90% of the banking in Commonwealth Caribbean countries, they've been there for up to 80 years. Canada is big in insurance, real estate, health and services.

Canada has grown to its present importance in Caribbean nations partly because they have needed it. The unions took the government to task about Britain's pulling out and, like the United States, has done the old safety valve of migration. (West Indian migration to Canada rose from 7,500 in 1965 to 14,500 last year.)

The Caribbean's struggling manufacturers also had a need for a powerful friend, sympathetic in Soviet Prime Minister Leonid Brezhnev appeared to be. Though Canada and Britain are now the providers

of the greatest volume of aid to the region — Canada contributed \$24 billion this year, plus extra — relationships have cooled. Some of our diplomats are alarmed. They say Pierre Trudeau's government has been distant in 1981 sensitive regions. Nearly every West Indian prime minister, they say, has directly sought an invitation to Ottawa to discuss problems, but Trudeau has generally been too busy. The Trudeau government also cancelled a \$12 million subsidy to sugar-producing countries without consulting them. It was the lack of consultation that hurt.

There are other complaints. Canada's aid terms are said to be too stiff — this is supported by diplomats and not workers in Guyana. Alcan and the banks and insurance companies are accused of rarely permitting local ownership, not returning sufficient profits to the West Indies, failing to hire local people in sufficient numbers for respectable jobs.

If the banker and diplomat were surprised by the fury of the April riots, James Harty was not. He's one of the 125 CUSO volunteers, who with 120 teachers and nurses help advance the Caribbean's best education in the Caribbean. She has thoroughly identified with the Trinidadians since 1967 — she calls the Caribbean "home" and "they." But she has been forced by the new mood on to her own side — the white side in a black and brown country. And she is coming home. "How much do you do," she asks, "when you feel you're not wanted by the people?" □

For generations West Indian street vendors have sold big and delicious apples from Canada at their little stalls at Christmas time. They come by ship and are thickly covered when sold, giving off a rich waxy glow. The Minister of Agriculture in Guyana has called them "the gift of Canada apples." "We can eat apples," he said.

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GILBEY'S

BV
BLACK VELVET



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

Canadians in Guyana: they're changing fast. But is it too late?

HARDEN WOODEN BARBACK houses with communal outdoor parties still house the families of some Guyanese employees of a multinational Canadian mining operation on the Demerara River. Nearby, literally across the railway track, the attractive homes of Canadians and some Guyanese employees are set in grass and flowers. It is a fast-changing picture. The Demerara Bauxite Company, owned by the Aluminum Company of Canada, is building its local employees a well-serviced, planned company town. Guyanese are being promoted to senior positions. One senior Guyanese employee was attending the improved conditions at Demba, when correspondent Alexander Brown told him the Guyana government plans to take a controlling interest in the company. A smile spread slowly. "Ah, 51%? the official chuckled. "That's all we need!"

The incident shows the



A third Indian African worker

way the government of Prime Minister Forbes Burnham is giving — local control over foreign capitalism, plus public ownership of basic resources. In this Guyana may be the pioneer of the Commonwealth Caribbean.

In early June Guyana had not yet announced its plan to devalue 51% of Demba, though cabinet ministers had confirmed that intention to Brown. Also officials said they expected negotiations for Guyana to assume "a meaningful participation" in Demba. The 512-million company employs about 4,000 Guyanese.

Guyana is today planning an economy based on the rural co-operative in 13,000 square miles of jungle on the coastal mainland of South America. This year thousands of people volunteered — without pay — to hack a road through the jungle to the Brazilian border. Geological surveys, in which Canada helped, revealed large mineral resources. Canada's Deacons, Mines and Commerce are then looking for uranium and other minerals. Guyana will control any mineral they develop.

Guyana is where African- and Indian-dominated bauxite (95% and 50%) have fought murderous racial battles. That rivalry seems submerged now in a nation-building patriotism. Black Power advocate Stokely Carmichael learned that when he recently addressed a crowd in Independence Park in the capital city of Georgetown.

"In South Africa the black man is on the bottom," he cried, "and the crowd murmured agreement. "In Jamaica the black man is on the bottom!" — Cheers.

"In Canada the black man is on the bottom!" More cheers.

"In Guyana the black man is on the bottom!"

Suddenly and unthinkingly, he was answered by one thunderous roar of — "NO!" □



Canadians in Jamaica live the sweet life, next door to black despair

WELCOME TO JAMAICA. It is roasty — stinky and absolutely covered for tourists, its opulent tourist hotels overlooking the 60 miles of gleaming white north coast stand for visitors only. In that domain, Chris Swinbeck, a Canadian who manages the U.S.-owned Playboy Hotel, can boast: "Jamaica is the place in the Caribbean where tourists have the best vacations." There is another Jamaica, you cross into it at your peril. It is Kingston, the capital, one of the most dangerous cities in the world today, and Alexander Brown went back to it this summer.

"Here, where one third of Jamaicans are jammed, where I was born and lived, I would like the old dream. And I felt the first I had walking in the toughest parts of New York and Philadelphia.

"Everywhere — hands of

young men, boys, stood about, moved around. The newspaper headlines said we had murdered some of them could be. In five days I witnessed two robberies and almost being a fuel by five minutes. Friends with whom I went to Kingston High School, and who have prospered, carry guns now. 'I have to travel early in the morning,' said one, a guy-virtu. 'You can be driving along and a tree is lying across the road. You get out to move it and What?' they jump on you.' Armed men guard Canadian homes in Kingston.

Simple poverty — salt cod and beans — is one reason for violence. The motto of Jamaica is "Out Of Many, One People," but 80% of Jamaicans are black and they are the bulk of the 100,000 unemployed.

"The third day there, I managed to lose our money. The worst part was having to tell Billy we were going home a week early."



money was something other people did.

So, of course, he went and lost his baneroll — \$250 — and had to cut their vacation short.

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AMERICAN EXPRESS

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

Nationalize the Leafs! Nationalize the Canadiens! Give hockey back to the people (BELOW)

Glum thoughts on divorce, Canadian-style:

Quick now, how many happily married young Canadian couples do you know? (P. 17) Plus! Our readers' revenge—more hot last words on inflation, the rich, the poor, sweet suffering womanhood, and other grabbers for our time (P. 20-30)



BY BOB BOGGS (N) Our token radical

What this country needs is a sport it can call its own. We used to have one. Hockey

This month's column may seem odd for the time of the year but it is something I've been thinking about a lot, and the more I think about it the more I get. I hope you will get read, too, because I'm talking about the rip-off of our national sport.

"Rip-off" is a street term. It has a nasty little sound, but then it is a nasty

thing. Rip off means that's never not legally but morally. It is not a rip-off when a poor man steals a loaf of bread. It is a rip-off, however, when the management of a theatre intentionally stocks only large paper cups so that it can get away with charging 25 cents for all soft drinks. Still, that's just a minor rip-off, a robbery only money.

A worse kind occurs when someone takes away something that belongs to all of us for his private benefit. It's a big rip-off when a logging company gets a chunk of Algonquin Park. Strip-mining in the mountains of British Columbia is a rip-off, and so is pollution of the Great Lakes. And, finally, what I started out to say is that the National Hockey League is a rip-off. When I was young, my father read me a story about some crooks who stole the letter "O" and would not let anyone use it. I thought it was a good story, but silly. I didn't know much then about what was happening to Canadian hockey. Hockey is ours. We love and cherish it from the bottom of our souls. There were only two seasons when I was growing up. Hockey and Other. And even during Other we played hockey on the road or in the school yard, picking up a stolen ball with last season's broken-bladed stick, wrapped in black tape all frayed at the handle, from scraping along the ground. We made a goal out of rope-ties and hurley, or just out of a couple of hundred-pound sandbags. The game was a beautiful game. When I was 11 or 12 I noticed that people over 16 no longer played street hockey and I doubted being that old I haven't played for nearly a decade but, by

God, if someone came to the door today with a couple of sticks telling their friction tape down the hall. I'd follow him out to the neighborhood.

Cause winter we played hockey on school-yard rinks or, if you belonged to one of a thousand sponsored teams, you played at the local arena, wearing a sweater that said something like "Maroon Varsity Stars." I wonder if anyone has ever lost a finger to frostbite while holding the nozzle of a garden hose and spraying the back-yard on a 10-degree night in December. As teenagers, we'd pile into a friend's old Mustang and we'd find a deserted mob where we could break into the line box to turn on a light. We'd play for a couple of hours, or until the cops showed up and then they'd in the old arena and drink bottles of pop, if they hadn't frozen.

Being from Toronto we got to see the Leafs play too. The only teams we could go were General Admission, and that meant standing. You got there early and stood behind the wall while all the suit buyers were let in and then five minutes before the game, you charged up three or four sets of stairs in order to stand for the end crowd of hours behind the end boxes, which were the prime standing/view spots, or behind the greens, for which you still had to be early and fast on your feet, or way up behind the grey where you would stand down the crowded stairs to the box. Even then you had to ditch and shove because they always overtook General Admission and ten minutes into the first period people were standing there and fast asleep. One year

continued

BOSSIN continued

Maple Leaf Gardens developed a line of "preferred" seating areas, charging two dollars a ticket, which none of us could afford. Preferred? Steadies got in first, and they ended up the front layer. I was about five-foot-five at the time, and just got going.

I'll stop writing about that hockey, although it was fun to go to an old and it would be easy for millions of Canadians to go on and on about hockey. And that is the main reason why it is so addictive that, except for television, most of us never get to see the final, richest result of our devotion to the sport. Why is it that there's no super league team in Halifax, St. John's, Quebec, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary or Vancouver? And even if you live in Toronto or Montreal, why is it that you haven't a chance to buy a seat, except from scalpers? And why is it that the NHL clubs put virtually no money back into community hockey projects, when these same clubs turn a million dollars a year out of our passion for our game? Recently, when faced with taxation reform that would end tax-deductible season tickets for businessmen, the management of both Maple Leaf Gardens and the Montreal Canadiens threatened to sell their franchises to American cities. The Maple Leafs? How could they even talk that way?

The answer is that hockey has been ripped-off. The community good has become private property and, already, in the sale of NHL franchises, the owners have done what it was mist in their own interest to do: sell out the United States.

One person who has done a lot of thinking about this is Bruce Kidd, whom you may remember as Canada's young long-distance runner with the floppy arms. Kidd is a civil servant.

"Even in diversity economic terms," he says, "you can't justify what happens in big-league hockey. A good hockey player doesn't become an investment of 20 when a club starts to pay him a little more pay at fear, and his development is subsidized by schools, churches, service clubs. Every village in Canada builds an arena with public funds and volunteer labor, putting off all other priorities. Canada and the U.S. are the only two countries in the world that don't recognize that. In every other country, at least some of the profits from sport go back into the community sports program."

The profits are enormous. Maple Leaf Gardens in the last fiscal year had a gross revenue of \$6,424,193 and a net profit, after taxes, of \$917,799. Their annual profit was

15% of gross revenue, which is not bad when you consider that General Motors' profit runs at about 4%, and on average most theatre makes about 6% or 7%. Big money clubs claim to operate at 15% profit. Last year Maple Leaf Gardens made more money than ever, and the annual report states, "Most of this increase resulted from the rise in price of hockey tickets." The report adds, "The increase in gross revenue more than offset the increase in operating expenses." And as for that weren't enough, the owners attempted to claim \$2,150,000 they made from the sale of the new American businessmen as capital gains, and therefore not taxable. I have forgotten where the make that descended from the "gross" square in the old Stefan and Lasker power link, but that's where I hope the club owners go.

Bruce Kidd is more kind. "Stillford Smylie and the NHL Board put precisely what we allowed, and

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even encouraged, to happen when we commercialized sports. They have mainly tried to maximize profit for their hockey corporations. It's the by-product that is so unpleasant."

One of these by-products is the Americanization of the game. Of 45 contracted hockey teams, only five are based in Canada. Two of the 12 NHL directorships are American. In fact, Clarence Campbell has said that the main reason the NHL head office is located in Canada is to avoid American congressional investigation.

"It's natural that profit-oriented agents would locate in the U.S.," Kidd explains, "because the market is higher and the average annual income is higher. And there are the American TV rights funds at the Vancouver franchise. In the first expansion, the city was lured down because the NHL directors wanted to crash the U.S. TV market, and CBC was already paying for a full season of shows. Then, when CBC threatened to drop the games because ratings were so low, and when five of the six new clubs lost money at the gate — not the NHL because more patriotic and government-owned Vancouver. Although they still charge so much for it that only an American group could afford it."

Kidd blames the near demise of Canada's senior hockey on the NHL's

buying away any talent that might offer a real attraction. The league is now beginning to lose the same effect on junior hockey. The NHL got the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association to lower the age of junior competition by a year. When the regional associations, representing 300,000 of the 355,000 registered players, asked that the higher age be reinstated, the NHL, related to remember. Kidd also talks about how the NHL used the CABA to keep Father Ryan's Montreal team from getting even the best amateur players, and their possibly turning it into a competition for gate receipts. The quality of the hockey was not considered. "That's the worst thing all down the line: the value of the sport are replaced by the values of cultural business competition. It harm everybody."

If the problem is large, the solution is simple, and just involves catching up with the rest of the world. We should start, by law, that the Canadian NHL teams not responsible, that they share profits with community sports programs and not a ticket policy that doesn't discriminate against all but the very rich. Or even better, we could make the Canadian NHL teams into community co-operatives, or simply subordinate them. Bruce Kidd suggests an even more radical step: start a second major hockey league, with teams in a dozen Canadian cities. To begin, players could be fed away from the old teams, the way they were when the American Football League was formed. There would be other advantages to playing hockey in a league that was not based strictly on profit: a skinner and less debilitating schedule than the NHL's, a new chance at player control over league policy, an intelligent approach to university study programs and to off-season employment. And the players would not have to live the better part of the year in the United States.

All that is needed to make these things happen is the drive to demand it, and that's where getting mad comes in. The path will not come from sportsmen, who are mostly apologetic for the club owners, and it will not come from the federal government, Canada's traditional party of big business and American interest in the country. Instead, the furthest justification for not changing everything is to shrug and say, "But this is what the Canadian people want." We can put us and its argument straight off. I am presupposing that most readers agree with me. If you do, then write to me at Marlboro. We can start the campaign right now. And if it works, we might take a look at the insurance companies. □

continued on page 17

Geben Sie mir ein
Dewar's, bitte!

Dewar's
一杯下さい!

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Dewar's
per favore!

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Dear Princess...
And how's *your*
marriage going?

I was intensive here on a sold Atlanta show with the only man I knew that I can rightly call an old friend, a man I have known since the time we first shared the experiences and developmental guidelines which would later become great wisdom and grace. He and I

Their fathers and their mothers had fought the Depression, shouldered the shoulders, and they knew there was something to be said for making do with what little you had. Some of their fathers had gone to war and, at that time the heavens of the southern had resided in the waiting, the loyalty. It was impossible, dear Susan, today the West most nefarious creature of the

black. Anyway, since about 1967, more than half of these couples have split up. Eighteen married couples. Thirty-six young middle-class men and women, and we had once known them all in the solid sort of well and truly married Canadian we make

It was hard to imagine anything more serious than getting married. Dick and Dick, the open and unbuttoned couple, were the epitome of the sexual revolution. The story of the 1950s, but, in my time — in the time that all of us were either getting married or thinking about getting married — the story of the 1950s was the story of the Commuter, Professor Marston, the Commuter, Professor Marston, and Peter Townsend, the strait-laced, severe, and we were all sure they

[illegible]

continued on page 11

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BRUCE continued

participants of their lives were changing in such dramatic ways. All the circumstances, that is, except one. And that one unchanging fact was the hard old vow: I am yours, you are mine, and that's it.

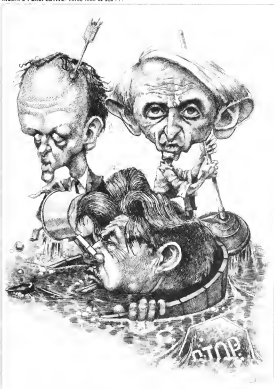
But, of course, it isn't. Adultery may be the cause of a broken marriage, it may be a symptom, it may be a source of added agony for someone, it may be a fringe benefit for some. One also, but, in 90% of the broken marriages that I know anything about, it was smoldering around in there somewhere. In any event, we old married people in our 30s (and marriage refugees in their 50s) may turn out to be the last generation to understand the full meaning of adultery in the works of a novelist such as John O'Hara. In O'Hara, if the cruel and elderly woman wants to stick the ice pick into her husband where he'll never forget it, she says something like this: "Avery, you remember that one up at the country club, the summer we had the vulgar Poodle-Arrow and you and Father Kultima won the mixed doubles championship? I'm sure you remember. Or I remember, too, Avery, because when do you think I was doing with John all that summer? Dear, lovely John. Only that one summer." Avery, why are you falling over like that, clattering your throat and gasping for the very breath of life?

Some of our divorced friends have married again, some are living continuously with new partners, others are just musing about on their own. For some, the myth dies hard, and they married respectable guys in the months after their marriages collapsed. Still, most of them no longer happen now than they were in the last gaily stretch of their first marriage and, so far as no wonder can tell by looking, their children are exactly as cheerful (or cheerful) as they were before.

In some cases, the husband and the wife had just found out that, after 10 or 15 years together, they simply could not bear to look at one another. They could not even exchange civil words. They had made a bad mistake, a long time before, and now things had seemed irretrievable, and they could afford the money to split; and there was no Depression, no war, so longer even much public disgrace in divorce; nothing to expose extraordinary demands of marital loyalty on either one of them. I have seen flashes of the mutually conservative and grotesquely solemn hatred that can characterize a truly painful marriage, and sometimes it is intelligent to cut your losses. □

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ALISIN'S PERSPECTIVE: Three men at sea ...



Polka-dot-dancers: Joan Kerrigan (Andrew Affairs) and Northern Dyspepsia: Joan Marshall (Reverend Fraternity Expressions). Art: Greene (Barney - Mugs and Reminders)

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LETTERS continued

time in which we found each story and article worth reading. So many previous issues were written for the young "trend setters." I do wonder how many of them take the time to read *Maclean's*?
—JIM L. HAMILTON, WINNIPEG

The silent Right

In its reaction of a predominating Left or viewpoint within the news media, Keith Knowlton questions the chances of the conservative point of view being heard. (Is Our View ... And Yours, April.) I have recently undergone an experience in which the Left side drastically begged the Right for some public statement of its view, and not a silence people resented. As far as I know there is no law against the Right making its views known. But it seems to prefer to sit in silence and not use modern methods of communication.
—HARVEY H. ARMSTRONG, QUEBEC, QC

Keith Knowlton replies: "As Mr. Armstrong says, there is no law against the Right making its views known. But the point I was making was that there is the same media bias generally applied to the conservative viewpoint, media bias often to report that viewpoint to balance as often as possible their liberal viewpoint as representation of the news. Still, Mr. Armstrong does know where the simplest comment or make little use of what appears to be true. This can be my mind when I write. So when to begin? Well, conservatism may be just. When I write, I remember too, you're supposed to say hard as we haven't been trying."

It wasn't fiction for McCutcheon

Bob Bennett wrote: *My Friend has just climbed the CBC tower. And it wasn't like he'd just got out of the woods like a big "got on."* It reads like an excerpt from *Cave 72*. But if half the things he wrote were not true then Heide was not writing fiction but prophecy. Truth is stranger than fiction.
—BOB KNOWN, THORN HILL

It is true anything the average Canadian can do to encourage Parliament to take steps to see that some recreation is made to people like him? Freshwater fishing are happening all across Canada and innocent people are often on the river. To maintain the small part of this habitat, too, as these young people moving accidentally on the river and talking for a few minutes are able to be given a statement to appear in court, apparently if they have heard or seen him. The other possibility (and I believe in that category) police in groups blocking sidewalks, and ask for half an hour and a policeman wouldn't even think of asking them to move on. —JIM L. HAMILTON, SASKATON, SASK. S4N 0G1

I suggest that Bob McCutcheon, the gentleman who had so much trouble after climbing the CBC tower (Globe and Mail), continued on page 24

Her letters home say she's never lonesome. But she expects Mom to read between the lines.

Keep loving her with Long Distance.

It's the next best thing to keeping her dinner warm.



Your Telephone Company part of
Trans-Canada Telephone System



"See your phone book for typical low rates after 8:00 p.m. and all day Sunday"

CHECK YOUR CAR Drive a safe car... safely!



be a highway lifesaver!

LETTERS continued

Maiford would not exist any more. Surely it is true people realized that and stopped adopting the Lowland as their only refuge. Hence they were not.

D. MORRIS, VINCOUVER

These soothing activities

Deena Fider's *Canadians Tompkins* (April) is a soothing experience to work over after reading some of the hate-filled columns in the rest of the magazine. The *Journalists Review* articles may cover these workaday subjects, but Deena is more valuable for Maiford's because it has an unusual look. Canadians alone.

THUR VALENTINE, BURLINGTON, ONT.

I very much enjoy the *Acropolis* by Deena Fider. Don't be in a hurry to make them more difficult. Please don't. Deena is a determined journalist, but maybe she should know her country a little better. *Acropolis* (August No. 2, April) can be considered *Acropolis* in the cupboard.

MAIF. FIDER, BURLINGTON, ONT.

Inflation — what's wrong with it?

As a grade-12 student currently taking an economics course, I have become increasingly aware of both the political and economic situation in our country. Much of this awareness has come from reading magazines such as *Maclean's*. Prof. Ross and Deena's article, *What's the Problem? Inflation?* was both informative and thought-provoking. It is sad to think that the future of Canada is to be based on the prevailing traditions of a collection of unbelievable economic myths.

LEON KATZ, WOODBINE

Prof. Blum has a lot to learn. She should be advised that the critical difference between government and private enterprise is that the latter seldom is permitted to be more productive than the former. She may work for time, but we take the order of our market economy do not provide us with additional direct benefits of our own choosing.

MAR. H. W. LINDLEY, CHICAGO

What's so terrible about inflation? Mostly that we don't have it. It's a perfect example of the *Nazi* doctrine that if you tell a big enough lie often enough, people will believe it. The word "inflation" is being used as a substitute for orthodox finance to hide the fact that the use of date stamps of debt finance has become a new system of debt finance.

MAIF. FIDER, BURLINGTON, ONT.

I am a Grade 12 student taking economics and I found this article helpful in studying about inflation in Canada. Professor Ross and Deena's article was very accurate. She has given us a new outlook on inflation's dangers and I find that it is up to everybody to do something to control inflation.

ANNE'S FINDER, BURLINGTON, ONT.

continued

Gordon's London Dry. The World's Largest-Selling Gin.



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Kingston Township

You don't have to move to a new house to enjoy electric heating. Electric heating can come to you — and what better time than now.

Over 30,000 families across Ontario have made the change. They live in old houses and modern houses, large houses and small houses, brick houses, frame houses, stone houses. Wherever they live, electric heating has helped them create a new world of comfort and convenience. A world of obedient warmth, clean and quiet, where both housekeeping and heating system maintenance are less of a problem. A world of modern comfort, made possible by electric heating.



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One of the exciting things about the switch to electric heating is that it's so easy to make. You can install electric heating in just one room, if that's all you need. Or you could retain your present ductwork or radiators, and change only the furnace or boiler. Or you can take out the old system completely, and replace it with a space-saving, all-new electric system.



Orangeville



Windsor



Kennedy



Port Arthur



Burlington



Regina

The change to electric heating is the first step towards home modernization. Your Hydro will explain to you just how easy a step it is to take. And to make things even easier, they'll give you details of the Hydro Finance Plan, too.

Illustrated here — some examples from the many Ontario homes recently converted to the comfort of electric heating.



The Name of the Game is All-Electric Living

your hydro



Kennedy

"...to tell you the truth,
It is not the vermouth-
I think that perhaps
it's the gin."

Charles Abbot, 1898

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LETTERS continued

Support the hometown team

Karen Douglas, of Boston, Texas (the who was born in Canada), denies Canadians for their misadventure and points out that were it not for U.S. money and gas-up-and-go we'd still be a vast wasteland (Letter, April). Does she imagine for one minute that Americans come up here with their money and gas-up-and-go to benefit Canada? They are not quite that altruistic.—M. MARTIN, TORONTO

• Let's face it, nation states will be around for a long time. The idealistic global village is unfortunately far from it. Meanwhile, we who occupy the portion of earth known as Canada must fully promote it, or be intensively or unintentionally required to value states which promote themselves. Call it "nationalism" or "support of the hometown team," but Canadians-Canadians must re-define Canada. No other country on earth or international business corporation is likely to perform that task for us. I say, "Well done, Martina. For consistently nurturing your Canadian identity."—A. STONE, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

• I am 35 years of age, a card-carrying Progressive Conservative, and an ardent nationalist. As Prof. Coghlan says in *Canada's First Century, 1900 finds* my country a British plant economy, a military and cultural colony of the United States. What appeals me is that as many Canadians are resigned to this situation. But when Martina attempts to flow it into a state of mind of recent feeling, survival-minded, sudden across the surface of "promoting ourselves and trying to destroy the best leader Canada has and" (Letter and beyond) —also-Americanism? I respect a great many Americans and many aspects of their nation. Yet I believe that one can be a pro-Canadian rather than anti-American nationalist without caring a "Canadian" name. The next best route for all of us is to decide if the values of our society are worth keeping, and if they are, how best to keep them. I am a Canadian, my roots are here, and I love this great up-country of ours. Let us all work together to build a truly great society, or let us join the United States, get a vote in Congress, and in this way at least have some control over our destiny. ALAN B. PRYDE, LONDON, ONT.

Sail, you're only medium

Just because Larry Zell happens to like Zabriskie Point is no reason to down grade Miramax Cool and Zurr Ruler back involving new-line film, especially Miramax Cool, which for some strange reason was quoted at the grand old economy of corn, *Academy Awards* night. He comment on the last two movies as "masterpiece of breathtaking infamy" (a particularly inept phrase in view of their effective reputation from old-line films), which has led me to at any rate, suggest: RAYE PERLIN vs. JOHN'S, 1984. □



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Maclean's writer Walter Stewart
reports on his own journey into
the heart of Canada, and on the
people who keep it beating...

And Now For The People Who Don't Make News

BY WALTER STEWART

THE QUESTION WAS trivial, but then, I hadn't seen Alex Gey in more than 20 years, when we were in high school together. He stayed in London, Ontario, and became a car salesman, I left, and became a reporter. Our points of contact were few, it seemed to me, there wasn't really much we could talk about, except other old friends, and now, picking away at an evermore crowded restaurant on the fringe of the city, I was all at once. So I asked this bland question: what did he think was the greatest problem facing Canada today? I knew roughly what the answer should be—apartism, perhaps, or selfishness, rebellious youth, or the decline of civility. There was an outside chance it would be the White Paper on taxation or urban decay.

Alex pecked at a potato chip and murmured it in carefully as if it had some hidden message scrawled on the side. "The Canadian Indian," he said, and popped the chip in his mouth. He looked up, clear-blue eyes in a round, ruddy face, and waved his fork over the food on our plates. "I went up to Seal River on a fishing trip last year," he explained. "We were just catching the fish, not eating them. There was an Indian village nearby, and an Indian asked us what we were going to do with our catch. I said we'd probably feed 'em to the dogs. I said fish make pretty good food for dogs. Well, he looked at me in kind of a funny way, and he said, 'It makes pretty good food for Indians, too.' So we gave him the fish. The next day, we were sitting around after dinner. Our

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST DIERHOFT

MIDDLE CANADA *roadshow* flood had been blown in with us, and we'd been eating sticks. Huge, bloody things — you could never get through one of them. Our guys come over and feed him, he could have the scraps to send his family. He grabbed every thing he scraped off the wall and took the whole mess back to his tent. Well, Jesus, I thought, what have we done to these people, what are we doing to them?"

Next pushed his plate over. He had put a body like in my presence, I'd served meals of what the Middle Canadian should think. I had come to London on impulse, in pursuit of Middle Canada, of that vague group of people who seem to have been lost in the shuffle of recent years, what all our attention — and I mean the attention of the media, of Maclean's magazine for one — has gone to suppress. Hippies, Yuppies, student activism, New Leftists and other exotic breeds. Reading the newspaper, watching television, reading my own magazine, I never seemed to meet the kind of people I grew up with in London. Decent people, most of them, although not in their ways; perhaps decent because not in their ways. They still believed in God, the Queen, their country, law and order and, with all its imperfections, the system that gave them security and moderate prosperity.

I had a pretty shrewd idea of what these people would be like; after all, U.S. television has given the Middle American a thorough going over in recent months, and *Time* magazine, in an article full of incoherent authority, made Mr. and Mrs. Middle American Man and Woman of the Year. Time showed the Middle American as em-fused, bitter, hostile, narrow and reactionary, and there was no reason to suppose the Middle Canadian would be much different. It didn't sink out that way, perhaps because I lack the assurance that allows Time to impale a whole class of people on a single stinging phrase, perhaps because the Middle Canadian, more complex, less definable, more engaging than his American counterpart.

Whenever the occasion, I have not found the Middle Canadian easy to classify, even though I began with a number of arbitrary guidelines by restricting myself to Canadians who are neither rich nor poor, who are 25 years of age or older, and engaged in ordinary occupations — laborers, housewives, fishermen, lawyers, librarians, tradesmen, businessmen. These people should share the same ideal and attitudes but they don't, like

Alas, then keep slipping sideways out of the niche I want to prepare for them. (Everybody knows the Middle Canadian is supposed to consider the Indian dirty, drunk and the author of his own misadventure.) While they certainly seem common enough — anxiety over the future of law and order, an ambivalent attitude compounded of homage and hostility, toward francophone youth, a growing impatience with Quebec — Middle Canadians do not speak with a single voice, and none of them share the unimpaired phreatic that shunts all problems into a single breath. My parcel of the Middle Canadian, then, was just that — *It's not me I've found here.*

I flew from Ottawa to London on a Tuesday afternoon, made a few telephone calls, then went out to eat a rubber steak at a modest little restaurant — modest in everything but price — on Dundas Street. London's main commercial artery. While the steak and I struggled for modesty, I found myself leaving to a conversation at the next table, where two businessmen were exchanging views over a cigarette. When the younger of the pair — I would put him on his mid-30s — began to explain his domestic financial arrangements, I cascaded shamelessly.

"I've started to eat back on the grocery budget," he said. "I've cut the thing right back. The way I see it, if ever anything should happen to me, Mary would have to get along on a lot less, and she might as well get used to it now."

Then, by God, was a man who believed in looking after the little woman. If that comrade were to turn on him and choke him, right there, Mary could go on, scarcely stopping a beat, like the well-worn lady in the Great West Life television commercial who seems to be so well off, now that her husband is safely plumed.

London is a great town for once, since men, and I spare the rest of the country with one of them. David (David Haines and I grew up together in the city's south end, went to school together, shared girls together, the, having curly hair and an engaging grin, with considerably greater success) and even, on one notable occasion, shared up telephone jobs together to pass signs for the CCF during a provincial election. David has lost both the shyness and the socialist leanings of those early days, though not the hair or grin — and if he returns to native politics it will be as a Conservative. Why not? He has much to admire.

He took me to meet his wife, explaining briefly and apologetically that his wife was "She doesn't need a wig, she has lovely hair." He cupped her into taking off her wig, and she did indeed have lovely hair. Waiting for the wig to fall away, he sat in the comfortable clutter of his living room. David looked so proud and anxious you'd have thought that her hair was his own creation, that he had grown it. His wife was embarrassed but pleased, and pulled her subway bag (the wig was bland and concealed; it made her whole head look horrified). David, stop being so silly," she said, but she flashed him a smile of kind promising intimacy I thought I should leave. But I didn't. Instead we looked at pictures of the children — terrific kids, I was to understand, they get along terrifically at school. The boy plays hockey, and David helps out with the league. "His kind of worry, but I enjoy it," David says stately things.

We discussed the state of Canada, and he expressed a view of this nation that I was to hear time and again over the next weeks. Essentially, Canada is a pretty good place, reasonably well-run, and the people who want to tear it down or break it up are beyond understanding. Read Lesage for instance, should he put in jail, or a madhouse, he is always stirring up trouble. French Canada is doing stuff more than good by pressing its demands on the rest of the nation. Perhaps it would be a good thing, well, not a good thing, but perhaps it is inevitable that the First Language should disappear from New Brunswick. After all, the majority of the people here are English and, in a democratic way, the majority rules.

We argued about American domination of the Canadian economy, a subject of abiding interest to journalists but, I was to learn, a bore to the huge segment of Middle Canada. The Americans are our friends and relations. David said: their capital and know-how helped us to develop and to turn them out now would be bad business and worse discrimination. The U.S. is in trouble, with its crumbling cities, its little Asian war, its racial hatred, and we are proud to be different, to be non-American, but that doesn't mean we should be anti-American. Nonconformity is a queer, a disease: look at how self-centeredness and regionalism are tearing Canada apart today.

Later, David drove me back to the hotel, and he seemed anxious to stress the notion that he had settled down to



"The Middle Canadian is more complex, less definable, more engaging than his American counterpart"



['In a world of chaos and pain, there is a pattern and a hope']



"They still believe in God, the Queen, their country, law and order and the system that gave them security"

MIDDLE CANADA continued blood-waters. "There are a hell of a lot of things wrong and I know it," he said. "There are a lot of angry and stupid people around and some of them live in London. But" — he grinned sheepishly. "I was going to think he was still a homegrown boy, but he had never outgrown his beliefs — this city has been pretty good to me, and I don't think I should be ashamed to say so."

The next day I went to call on a former teacher, Ernie McTavish, now an official with the London School Board. I remembered him as a muscular and upright man who said, "Golly, when seriously provoked his was utterly accurate." He said to coach the football team at London South College, and in private he should show a little that went, "It's hard, but it's clear, but hard, but it's clear." I let clear enough, but not hard enough and he felt to cut me, he did it so patiently. I felt it was a waste of an hour to be examined from practice, and signed on as a writer boy to be close to the team.

I guess he trusted everybody with the same consideration. For when Ernie's first wife died a few years ago, his former players swarmed to him from all across the city. One who didn't come to the funeral home was a close friend of mine, whom I'll call Joe, a superb athlete who, contented by his own private devil, had become a fallen-down drunk. The other former players had gone to call on Joe, but he was in a wisp; they weren't sure he understood what they were saying; he was too drunk to reply to come. Late that night Joe turned up, inebriated, unbalanced, but suddenly sober, to tell his old coach he was sorry that his wife had died. He didn't say more than a few words," Ernie told me, "but by golly it took a lot of guts to come."

Ernie is a square. He has returned, from it growing larger, a solid job, a new home, a tight suitcase place to escape to. His values are the values of middle-class Canada, with an emphasis on respect, loyalty, hard work and clean living. But because he works with youngsters in high school, at a stage of ferment and rebellion, he is beginning to wonder if those values are enough.

"We have a tremendous problem with drugs in the London schools," he said, "but there's not much point in throwing kids in jail for that. The drug bit is a symptom of something bigger, of social ills right across society. You have to wonder whether we should have learned to live in an office with

them. We're putting 10,000 people into a square mile, it may be we're building a society nobody can live in."

The society Ernie was talking about in the American one, for like many Canadian critics, London tends to react to what is going on in the U.S. as if it were happening here. Violence erupts through the city's television sets, and headlines from Citizens Crime Alert to help the police. Citizens Crime Alert maintains the administration for better street lighting and conduct a daily court watch. The campaign has been a great success, not to much in stamping out crime as in helping people to Think Police.

Another path in this direction was given by Mrs. Edson Speedley, a housewife and real-estate saleswoman, who suggested a weekly television program to carry Wanted notices and police propaganda. The suggestion was embraced at once by the local force, and a cable-TV company provided free program time. I went to call on Mrs. Speedley, a port and pretty blond, to see why she thought conditions were so dangerous in this quiet community as to require new and extraordinary measures.

"Because of what's going on across the border," she told me. "Whatever happens in the States happens here eventually. Our students don't have uprisings before they had them in the States."

Middle Canadians are relying to the police of across the border. The Chamber of Commerce in the Winnipeg suburb of St. James-Assiniboia was pressing for a Citizen's Information Committee when I was there (the mayor didn't think much of it: he thought it smacked of a police state).

In Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, I was told of the Regina Free Line program that has sprung up under the leadership of a local service club, and in Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a lively citizen I stopped on the street told me he was thinking of turning his own Crime Alert program. In particular, he was agitating the thinking of court sentences. "We seem to waste more leniency for the criminals, and when are we going to pay some attention to the citizen who pays the bills and gets beaten up in his own home?" To me, it gave a little satisfaction.

One night I went to a Bingo game at the London Arena, which I regarded as a rather strange mix. I arrived late, paid my 50 cents, was given a Bingo card and ushered off to a place among free-lance players of middle-class, where dozens of blushed over

their cards (I saw one man playing 21 games and losing to a hockey player on his transistor radio, all at the same time). I tried to get my neighbors to talk, and was welcomed into silence. But at the end of each game there was a sense of mystery, since numbers into which all activity — conversation, trips to the pub, trips to the cafeteria, ordering of new cards and completing about the management — was compressed, and I tried to learn what I could during these bursts of sound and motion.

I asked, "What would be the reaction here to just one word — Quebec?" A short, wiry man in his middle thirties leaned across the table and began to poke a stumpy index finger into my Bingo card, (bumping the card to emphasize each word, which made the little plastic counters bounce and clatter. "The trouble with them Frags," he said, "and I don't mind using the word Frags — the trouble with them Frags is that they're pushing too god-damn hard." Up and down the table, heads nodded in assent, as if on a string.

On Sunday, I went to Calvary United Church, the church I had attended as a teenager in the mid-1940s. It was all as remembered: the writhing organ — he was directing the choir and swinging fervor from the organ at the same time — the writhing children, the nodding, preening. There stood a good-size section of young people in the sanctuary, once young mothers and proud young fathers keeping a wary eye on their row, where the Sunday-school students sat for the first part of the service. The church of St. George's, Tipple, B.A., B.D. D.D., presided over "On the Sea of Life," he intoned, "may we have a good compass and a strong ship to sail." His sermon, the Abeying of Religious Experience, explained how the responsibility for grace passed from God to man and back to God and back to man. Like Ping-Pong I remembered reading that 92% of Canadian believe in God, and I wondered how many of those in church that day accepted the words we sang in hymn 664.

Oh, here and there that God is good,
Who dwells in Him is Almond,
Four God for rulers, none that
Man fear

Still he would want approval,
Not a word it would want to praise
In the temple of Baal.

I don't compile of the peaceful-
reluctance of the service; we did not

MIDDLE CANADA continued

go to church to be defeated, but to be *reaffirmed*, to be held that in a world of chaos and pain there is a pattern and a hope. As I gathered, listening, into the swirling Smoke, I couldn't help thinking that if Dr. Tipples had not anything beautiful, *he* had created the church as effectively as if he had fired a snail bomb over the crowded pews.

I drove through downtown London on my way to the airport and saw the Union Jack flying down Skenepton road, in defiance of common sense and current history, and looking thoughtfully at home.

Winnipeg, my next stop, was in the throes of a battle over a proposed institution to benefit John Lennon and his wife Yoko to attend a summer folk festival celebrating Manitoba's Centennial. The institution was like a toll to arrive for Muttika Mustake. A nice widow lady, not prone to nag talk, told me, "I need to take quite a bit of [Premier] Ed Schreyer right up until the moment he invited that beautiful John Lennon and his wife — huh? — to our Centennial. A local open-line radio show [popular] shows are the natural front of the Middle Canadian, they are not a Silent Majority" (doublet with later comments) and the future-to-be advice sources of the Winnipeg newspapers were revealing. I caught one one-minute from the Winnipeg Tribune which seemed to reflect in a bare and honest way, a widely held feeling:

Dear Sir:
Regarding the invitation of Premier Schreyer bringing the Bopper John Lennon and his wife to our city. This is to say the least, the most revealing and the biggest insult that could be inflicted upon the citizens of our city — as they happily will not work their ass for money from people, they have long done hard and never show. The female species follow them with long, single strands, they often can't see our city loss of this terrible set of happenings if our own Premier upholds this sort of thing.
As John Lennon (singer of Peace) was a fact. What his own last comment on murders, rock music, the happenings are guilty. No Christianity, no belief in God. How much can we see the wisdom of this city's interest?

I closed.
Many Middle Canadians, like J. Christie, are contemptible by the only old lady. According to a Canadian on Gillispie Post the "Biggest Gossip" among young people in his country concerns divorcees and long hair. (In this at least, Middle Canadian, and Middle Americans are alike. A

Marion Bonanza Review survey found 513 citizens in overwhelming agreement with such statements as "Good grooming is a sign of self-respect." "I do not feel clean without a daily bath" and "Everyone should wear a deodorant." The same respondents were also enthusiastic for the statement, "Hippies should be drafted."

I, one of the people I spoke to, had a disquieting view of youth as today's epitome of the confidence of today's young people, their superior education, their sophistication, their skill and concern. But, they said, the generation always took a whole hell-of-a-lot (they know anyway) out. At a small party in Winnipeg one man, who began with gratitude that his children were growing up to question the values of their parents, wound up, but what's going to happen when these young people have to do some thing besides march and protest? Well, don't you think I wouldn't like to put bag off in the middle of the afternoon and go perfect somebody? That's what I'm all about these kids — when have they ever done anything that contributed one damn thing to the GNP? Let them do something let them earn their right to be heard, and then maybe we'll see what can be done for them.

A subject almost as stirring as John Lennon and half-bred youth rose out of acceptance reports of a study by a Winnipeg newspaper on provincial life in the city. The newspaper said Professor William Morrison had found that many of the local prostitutes were suburban housewives, who did it, at \$10 a throw, to help out with the grocery money. Morrison said that the study was misquoted, and that sections of his study — not yet finished — had been taken out of context. No matter. The Winnipeg public rose up to snarl him down on the basis of the misquoted report. One newsweekly said as open line program concluded, "He's misquoting that woman from the better districts may also be call girls. I don't like it!" She didn't deny it, she just didn't like it. Even more curious, was the newsletter I got from an elderly woman on Bloor's whose objection was to the \$2,500 Canada Council grant Morrison used to pay for his research (the paid the \$10 an interview).

"I think it's a positive disgrace," she began.
"That housewives are prostitutes?"
"No. Giving her all that money to feed their kids like that?" She added, "If you're going to work that down, young man, you'd better write down that I'm not one of the women he was talking about."

Morrison led a sensitive nerve in the Middle Canadian, an unspoken but deeply held feeling that, when it comes to sex, only he is showing decent difference. Morrison suggested that, even here, the styles are crumbling. It is too much.
I thought about this as I drove from Winnipeg to Portage La Prairie, and read religion signs along the highway.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, YOU'LL SOON BE THERE FOREVER.

It was not one of the women he was talking about.

It was not one of the women he was talking about.

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"Good grooming is a sign of self-respect"

SON T' LET THE DEVIL GET YOU DOWN, CALL ON THE LORD AND BE DELIVERED.
JESUS SAID, WALK IN COME, COME.

It was not one of the women he was talking about.

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Rusty Staub: The Making Of A Muscular Millionaire



He plays right field for the Montreal Expos, but .302 last year and is adulated by fans as 'Le Grand Orange.' But his eye is also on the big green

BY HARRY BRUCE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON McVAYLDE

MONTREAL, MONTREAL," they said "Montreal Staub. Montreal Staub" and they pushed the ballpoint pen up at his face, and the old baseball program, the pocket notebooks, and the cigarette boxes, and he kept on signing his name, just that, just his name, Rusty Staub, Rusty Staub, Rusty Staub, and he'd give the pen and the scraps of paper back down to the hands that were like the bills of him, grey baby hands, and his mouth was closed over a small comfortable smile, and he'd maintain how nice his car has been ever (Rustic) since Merry-merry, merry Rusty. And they'd go away, feeling good, taking the piece of paper with just his name on it and tucking it away in a special place. You could tell that they were feeling good by watching their eyes and, for any one who had not seen this ritual of the sports world before, the odd thing about it all was that these guys were not 15- and 12-year-olds. They were not the skinny little "Rusty Staubs" of the yard and the back-alley baseball of downtown Montreal. No, these guys were big businessmen, or at least they were as big as they'd been able to make themselves.

They were members of the *Barbiers Clubs* of Metropolitan Montreal. The *Barbiers* is French Canada's most powerful service club, and these men were top hair salons, restaurants, taxidermists, manufacturers, insurance executives and undertakers, and the last organized ball that any of them had ever played was probably a quarter of a century ago, way back in the time when they could still get away with cheating only once a day.

But look now, will you just take a look at that Rusty Staub! The Supreme Sports Hero. He hit .302 for the Expos last year, and 29 home runs. He's six-foot-six and, this evening anyway, he's down to a good clean 250 pounds. The diet is working. The famous red hair ripples back in neat but generous waves. The hair on his head, and it's lined with gold. The suit is well pressed and it's got an edge, military. Edification, spite that proclaims not only the clean breadth of Staub's shoulders, not only the poise of his waistline, but also a certain knowledge of what's going on in a conversation about where the woman is, how to find it, how to exploit it, and how to make out Staub is the tallest, youngest backline and, physically, the most accomplished man in the slightly half-bred of 250 men and, as if that were not enough, there's something about him that suggests he thinks it's entirely possible that, one day (early soon) he will also have

more dollars than any of them. He's the rock of the wall. He's *Le Grand Orange*.

He came to Montreal only about a year and a half ago and already he's inspired the euphoric sort of public adulation that Jean Beliveau has spent half a lifetime to build for himself. Indeed, late last summer one of Montreal's French-language newspapers polled its readers to discover the city's most popular sports hero, and the winner was not *Le Gros Bill* at all, it was *Le Grand Orange*. (Beliveau, a friend and sometimes golfing partner of Staub, observed mildly that, after all, the hockey season had not yet started.) Staub's fans insist he's even more popular than Steve Clark and, in proof, they cite what happened during the last Grey Cup parade. Eaton's was apoplectic about the ways in which assorted political troublemakers might react to the company's traditional Christmas parade so they called it off, and avoided themselves by entering the odd outlaws in the Grey Cup parade. Staub, too, went along for the ride, and his admirers insist that, all the way down the long cheering corridors of Montreal's St-Jacques to Louis-tri-hand than Scott.

In midwinter, Staub appeared at the Montreal Forum, unannounced, during a baseball slot performed by the Harlem Globetrotters, basketball crooners, and there were something close to 17,000 people there, and they caught sight of that distinguished head down among the black basketball players, and they set up a racket that was louder than anything. Staub had heard about his appearance in an all-star ball game at Houston. And he'd played for the Houston organization for eight years. Staub remembers the night at the Forum. "Ah was moved by it," he says. "It's hard to get moved by yourself, but Ah was moved by it. Ah didn't believe it. Until you have heard Rusty Staub say he was moved by something, really moved, you have just not heard a real Southern accent."

But now, the *Barbiers Clubs* of Montreal have just given *Le Grand Orange* a fat, heavy plaque. That's the ostensible reason why he's here. To accept that plaque. He is getting the plaque because he took 25 French lessons during the off-season, and it's strange how the press finds these things out, but now everybody knows that *Le Grand Orange* is trying to master the French language and, for Staub, it's all working out as just about the wildest piece of personal public relations in the modern history of professional sport. This evening he has thrown away the rice, smooth for



the speech that the Expos' public relations staff gave him in the afternoon, and he is ad-libbing a few biting sentences in French, and he is going away with it. He sounds like someone who is trying to say something that is *Av* in French, and his accent is better than that of several thousand WASP politicians in Canada. And, after all, he does come from a closely knit family ("About all we did in the family was go to school, eat, and play baseball"), and he is a good Catholic, is he not? And did he not grow up only a few blocks from the French quarter in New Orleans?

Now, the Statue of Saguenay — which includes Charles Brannstrom whose millions of dollars helped to bring the Expos to Montreal in the first place — shows the Robiteaux Club its heartfelt film about the trust and fairness and maybe even to current love affair between Montreal and its home young baseball team, and, every time Staudt's big, red head goes wagging across the river scene, all the distinguished members of the Robiteaux Club applaud like happy children and, later one of them stands up and tells *Le Grand Omeur* in English that if he really wants to master the French language there's only one thing to do: Get a French girl friend! (One of the Expos' better pitchers, Bill Stoneman of Oak Park, Illinois, did just that, and married her, and settled down in Kirkland, Quebec.) And all of these friendly gestures give an unusual light of warmth and significance to this strange old rite, whereby a strong young man deigns to hand out his very own signature to adoring boys, to older men, and to other lesser males.

At the back of the room, and some distance from the banquet tables, there's a 36-year-old man sitting on a folding chair and watching Staudt with some obvious pride and affection. His moustache, and his smile, and he wears horn-rimmed glasses, he is rather bald, and his five per centage man, with very, it more conservative than Staudt's. The man is a bit chubby, but not so chubby as he often says he is. He appears to be very homesick and Staudt who knows him as well as he knows any Canadian, has said that he has never seen this man lose his temper. Staudt, whose own temperament is anything but mild, said this with respect and amazement. The man is Gerry Patterson, business advisor to Ruddy Staudt, and to Jean Beliveau, and to Don Drysdale, and to George Shaw, and now, and then, to Camp Wrenley, Bill Stoneman, and half a dozen other pro athletes whose names alone may mean money. Pat-





Guided by Gerry Patterson (left), Rusty Staub Inc. will convert popularity into U.S. Grand Olympic endorsements on shoes, books, clothing — and one million dollars.

lerson is an impossibly sunny combination of business and sales guru, spunk fanatic, and work addict. "It's just winning," he says, "how much work you can get done if you get down to it 7 a.m.!"

Patterson is confident that if Staub plays well for the Expos during the next four years (measuring, of course, just the Expos' survival that long), he will have done his job. He has no trouble turning him, Staub, into a winner. At the moment, and for the next couple of years, Staub's straight salary for playing right field for the Expos is a mere \$65,000 a year. Plus, he gets \$10,000 for each year he stays in the city.

Right. Staub is... the third member of the board of directors is Martin Segal, president of Glaxo Inc., and the man responsible for St. Louis's very angry slanders... and he has registered the name Le Grand Owner in the city's trademark office. He has also used Le Grand Owner baseball memorabilia: Le Grand Owner fielders' gloves, Le Grand Owner uniforms and, of course, Le Grand Owner himself as he tells you all about the super quality of his products. He has even used Le Grand Owner's name on his off-boarded models, his financial services and so on and on, and on and on.

Not will *Le Grand Orange* necessarily be restricted simply to endorsements. "We've heard from four self-declared competitors," Peterson says. "But I don't know about that. Or why not a company of our own? If it's the name that sells the stuff, why not have more control than just an endorsement program?"

For the moment, however, at least this seems anyway, it is part of Patterson's strategy to exploit Sander's remarkably sudden popularity in a cool, solid and respectable way with a few cool, solid and respectable companies. Rusty Staub has a contract with Gen-

and Mid which goes here to like. Whereas he is president of the Board of Montreal's Young Expats Club ("Who is 16 or under, runs popovers, loves brunch" and has lots of fun"), "Young Expo" is. Late this spring, participation was also negotiating with American Motors to get for Saab's version sort of anti-endurance design that also Billings wrote. (Politicians, Billings and Saab all dutifully drive American Motors cars, and American Motors has done two midsize cars—late-1980s junks to the Expo club.) Moreover, Billings wears sweaters from Canam Knitting Mills in his

Refrigerator is filled with the same Pure-Pak milk cartons that, on television, he claims are so great, and he recently took out a Sun Life policy to tribute to yet another endorsement arrangement that Peterson had set up for him. Stash drinks Seagram's V.O. in honor of Charles Seagram (the Ex-pot's very own angel).

Paterson is the president of Sports Administration Inc., vice-president and shareholder of Jean Beliveau Inc., vice-president and shareholder of Rumsby Swath Inc., and a director of Georgia Home Promotions. One of Paterson's hottest schemes is to use the assets of Beliveau, Howe and Swath, and perhaps of some Canadian golf ace, to launch sports equipment in an entirely new string of outlets across the country. Jean Beliveau Inc. moved into an office in Platteville, Mo., as soon as the Canadian moved the play-offs, and Paterson's ambitions and plots for Jean's Golf Bell are imminent, complicated and pretty sure to turn Beliveau into an extremely rich Texas A&M man.

[illegible]

Patterson's firm, Sports Administration Inc., also handles all expense promotions for the Montreal Baseball Club. Patterson has an office among the Expo front offices, and he's there most days of the week. Since what's good for the Expo is also good for Rusty Staub and, in a sense, what's good for Staub is also good for Patterson, his arrangement suits everyone pretty well except, occasionally, one pretty fagged-out baseball player. One week last winter, Patterson booked Staub and his teammates in New York, Toronto, Montreal and London, Ontario, a non-

Mark Ikenberry's appearance in Toronto for a business meeting with a machinery manufacturer (he is Montreal) and appearance with the Expos' press officer in Pittsburgh (New York, and Ottawa) made me nervous about the tolerance press-wise, on CTV's Sports Hit Suit. Patience, please. I just had been that sometimes you have to watch these guys [Toronto sportsmen] and so neither what questions the first at you, you just wait and easy, you call them by their first names is lot, and useful for a couple of seconds before you answer. It worked. Swab's performance on Sports Hit Suit was a small moment of chaos and end.

Sinab was one of the seven Espagnols who chose to make their off-season home in Montreal. This decision, and the rubber-chicken banquet menu and the French lessons, and the appearances on French-language television, and the generally sweet relations between Patterson Sinab and the press, were all part of what Patterson is pleased to call a "quality exposure program," and in fact he, too, last January, when Kitchie had been in Canada only about

right month, Patterson was able to report to him that Sports Administration Inc. had already "established Rusty Staub as the Canadian controversy with particular emphasis on French Canada." As the night of the Forum proved, and the night at the Richelieu Club, and a lot of other public nights around town, this was an understatement.

There is a temptation to see that hege and smiling man as the address of a liberably diverse image maker who turns big Miami athletes into role models who need merely flash their dirt pants [or, in Stauden case, fecules] in order to get people to give them money. Stauden himself, however, would deny this theory. He may tell us though he is just a poor boy from the country who's trying to get ahead but, behind the easy southern grace there's a sharp awareness that for Randy Staud, Miami is everything that people need to find the Miami Club. Staud's voracious determination to stay with the Montreal club in the

spring of 1968, even though the Houston Astros wanted he return to Texas, made him something of a hero in French Canada even before he'd once swung a game, power-hitting 10 home runs and 10 slugging Louieville Sluggers on behalf of the Expos. "This is the greatest town. Ah, my heart is," he says, "and such opportunities are uncommonly great here." Sarah did not mind Gerry Patterson to tell him that in the United States, the ball players

who make the real bread off the field all live in New York or Los Angeles, and not in Kansas City, or Atlanta, or Houston; and that one way to make in that New York-style money was to establish himself as the baseball hero of the era, and only big-league teams in all of Canada.

Establishing himself as a headlinet hater has not always been easy. There's evidence that, although Smith's burning anger shows the long-suffering grace of Ted Williams, he is not a true fan. He has been in the first year in the big leagues, with Houston, he hit only 224. True, he was just 19 then, but even a year later, after a painful banishment to a farm team, he hit only 216 for Houston. Three years ago, in the year he hit .335, Philadelphia's Manager Charlie Finley, who was also the coach Houston ever had in Rusty Staub, said he was made himself into better, and he did one hell of a job. No one had ever heard of the Montreal Expos in those days and it is one of these sweet and rare coincidences of pop baseball that Staub's old address is 1000 Avenue du Parc in Montreal, Quebec. It is now the Expos' manager.

Words like recurring problems with his ankles, and he is far from the fastest rider (older in his field). He isn't his son so slow as some writers have assumed — although Ah would not say that Ah isn't a bundle of fun — but that, in any event, he studies his partners, and the enemy hunter, and thinks about the weather and the conditions of the field, and all this "gives you a knowledge of how to play a guy. You can do more with an intelligent approach than all the speed." Another striking style is extremely unheroic. He stays just with one horse, and he is, he says, "a little bit" of a loner. He is, he says, "a little bit" of a loner. He is, he says, "a little bit" of a loner. He is, he says, "a little bit" of a loner.

its down fast in front of the ball. That way, he argues, even if he misses the catch, the ball cannot shoot past him. His throwing arm is as natural and powerful as his swing, and he likes to point out that, last year, he led National League outfielders in assists with 16. He also had 10 errors.

Shank reads books about politics, thinking how to bank yourself rich how to make speeches, how to win friends and influence people. If he reads any fiction at all these days, it's still by Harold Robbins. He tried to sit down on the less polished reading, however, because hotel rooms are not always too well lighted, but someone yanked you around a lot, he found his eyes were stinging, and that scared him a bit. What's a baldpate with

but when the lights are fixed back, his voice is a bullguyler you won't go up in airplanes? He's not all that crazy either about getting up early in some strange hotel room in a cold country, in the middle of January, and skipping naps, and doing hundreds of sit-ups and, over and over again, swinging a real baseball bat as hard as he possibly can as an imaginary ball rockets up in an imaginary strike zone. But what is a Rusty Stand? Rusty Stand is a Rusty Stand. Rusty Stand isn't. The concept all the money efforts of a partner who is as clever as Gory Paterson — is that a Rusty Stand who can't hit is just another young baseball player who will never have a million dollars

Smith, by comparison with most athletes, really does try harder, and perhaps this is because he wants harder, and, surely with so much future riding on his current performance, he must want harder, too. He says

When Ah first came into the big leagues, Ah was desirous of some of the stuff that the established players had. Ah wanted to be able to say that Ah had to work hard to get it. Ah did and that is something Ah worked hard on off for, to be able to stay in this apartment and pay his rent. You worry, mate. You all you want to do is to get a job. You say what you're worrying about? You're making more money than any one, 25 years old can reasonably expect to make. And then you hear that little white guy, it's like when you're hungry, and you could almost lean the food up your mouth. And sure Ah want it, but you just got to be able to wait. You know that old shop Ah am in is right now. It's what's taking place now. It's what you have to apply right now. It's not the last part, but it's the first part. It's the first step, and then the rest will come.

That was on Agri! and, though the Epos were playing questionable baseball, Smith was hitting well over .350 and, everywhere he moved in the city and soft-spoken young women would recognize him, wear it home, and then, when he came back with a bar, he started to get a bad hair cut by helping her off with her coat. They'd never met. Actually," he told her, "After not that nice a gentleman. She smiled right back at his face, and said, "I know but where one half of a baseball player if you work with Le Grand Grand alone anywhere in downtown Montreal, the city feels kind and cheerful, the way people smile and the way their feet feel. It's hard to believe, but she does not deserve what she got. [2]

The Ups & Downs Of A Great Canadian Peace Festival

This summer Canadians will see a whole new outburst of 'rock festivals'—including even a Rock Festival Train moving from Montreal across to Calgary. But the most ambitious one of all—the event that was to bring peace and music together into a giant Canadian Woodstock on the July 4 weekend—seems likely to dwindle into something much less grand. Here is the troubled story of what happened, a story that touches on everything from Beatle John Lennon to black magic, and gives a rare insight into North America's newest breed of 'pop' entrepreneurs

BY BOB BOSSIN

THE TORONTO PEACE FESTIVAL, which had promised the biggest names in pop music and the largest single crowd in the history of the event, crumpled like a prickled balloon late this spring in the one-room schoolhouse a mile from Parkhill, Ontario. The six casually dressed young promoters from Toronto sat in front of the blackboard, explaining why Parkhill should be the site for the festival. Facing them sat the township council and, behind the council, about a hundred area residents. Many of them in work clothes, many of them farmers. At the back of the room were a few high-school students and three members of the Canadian Nazi Party who handed out a booklet entitled "Don't Let Drap-ies Come to Parkhill."

The promoters' presentation took half an hour. It was mainly figures, so much to be spent on police activity, on clean-up, on toilets. During the presentation the schoolhouse was cut short once for occasional shouts of "shades" and "kikes" from the Nazis. Then one of the farmers asked how his crops and herd would be protected.

"We'll bag them," said one of the men from Toronto.

It was the wrong kind of answer, too quick, too far for people who lived on rural time and rural values. The promoters were from another world, the world of million-dollar estates and million-dollar net profits, of 150-dollar acid-rock, of morning politics and even a little black magic. There was a world closer to the farmers of Parkhill. The farmers for their part had missed the meeting at the schoolhouse to make sure that this was exactly the way it should.

In 1968, acres and more of the children were running, dropping out in Westwood and leaving up on Van Sawyer's Scotland Beach, disappearing from north Winnipeg and heading for the coast, then swooping back east to Toronto and Montreal. If you asked them where they were from they might say "Yorkville" or "all over, man" or "anywhere." The ones who stayed at home were running too, dancing more feverishly, smoking more pot, taking LSD when parents were out of town. They roamed at the lake houses, the nodes of the youth movement. Last August at Woodstock, New York 400,000 from all over the United States and Canada flocked and gave away for three days what another 500,000 turned back in the face of media traffic.

Initially the press reported what the adult world saw, a disaster. Then *Time* and *Life* declared Woodstock a

triumph, the apotheosis of a new nation of young people, loudly opposite to the militant college revolutionaries of the 1960s. These kids who wanted pot but who cleaned up after themselves, who danced in public but who were polite to their elders. While they were anti-materialistic, their lifestyle meant an expanded market for records, clothing, food and cosmetics. And unlike their troublesome older brothers, they had a conception of peace that bypassed politics altogether and an understanding of love that was absolutely indispensable. In the Woodstock Nation the Establishment had its best, if unfilled, slot in years. And a number of sharp, hip young entrepreneurs had the material and the market for a quick, peacefully earned fortune.

Four months after Woodstock, John Brower, a 23-year-old Toronto rock-music promoter, sat up Karna Productions Limited in an old townhouse at Toronto's exclusive Avenue Road. The Karna office had taken care for wallpaper on the inside and lush olive grey paint facing the street. One floor south is the Toronto headquarters for Scientology, one floor north a funeral parlor. In the north corner of the street there is a church with a large green neon cross, and, beside it, The West Cinema, from whose staircase W. C. Fields stares into the Karna. From windows with a diagonal stain.

During the summer and fall of 1969, Brower and a partner produced the Toronto Rock Festival and the Toronto Rock Revival, drawing 70,000 people. Though the festivals only made a few thousand dollars profit, they provided one of the biggest coups in pop music: a live performance by John Lennon, the freest member of the Beatles.

Shortly after the Revival, the Brower partnership split up, with each man planning bigger and longer festivals for the following summer. Brower joined with Hugh Curry, a former city police who had been negotiating a festival site, Mississauga, a 100-acre suburban 50 miles from Toronto. In December, their partnership took off. John Lennon came to Toronto and announced that he would sponsor Brower's Toronto Peace Festival, a long weekend of music, camping, healthy food and pots, to be held July 4-6. The festival was for profit, but as Lennon said, "We'll stem off some of the cruises for a peace fund or something." An idea.

Dynaford failed to lure some 500,000 to the Mississauga site. Yet never before more of there was a war and we didn't do the Peace Festival. Yoko Lennon once noted

first produced the Peace Foundation. Lennon returned to England to persuade the rest of the Beatles and other expensive musicians to come. Brower and Curry formed Karna and lined up money for what appeared to be a minimum-risk investment. Two months later they discovered a local bylaw prohibiting the use of Mississauga for anything other than car races and agricultural fairs. It was the beginning of March and the festival was four months away.

His was? His a morning early in March and Hugh Curry reached across his blue pine desk with a set handheld. Curry looks like Pat Boone's plusher, thinner twin and wears a sea-through shirt, belted trousers, long hair and a red-white-and-blue striped shirt with red-long fringe. He is vice-president of Karna Productions and his desk is remarkably undisturbed. Curry is not into paper much. He is into telephones and right now lights are flashing and calls are stacking up on his conference phone.

Click. His man, it's Hugh. Yeh we lost the Mississauga site, but we'll get it as, man... No. The reservations are through as well.

Yeh, it would have been great vibrations, all these Indians around, but there were too many hassles with the Indian Affairs Department. Yeh,

there's trouble at Parkhill too, but I figure it'll be OK if we pick up the ticket price a buck and persuade them a Peace Memorial Hockey Arena.

Buzz. Hold on for a second, will ya?

Curry clicks on the conference speaker, leans back and puts his feet up. "Hugh," says Karna, the girl Friday, "it looks on there."

Thunder dear. Curry beams in the air. "That's the great!" He means the conference phone. I read. He clicks it off and picks up the receiver. "Hi, man, what's going down?"

Hi? Let's send him a hardline card on the Telco.

It does not take long as Curry's office to realize that every change every cross in preparing the world's first pop festival is telescoped into the peak plastic cardboard conference phone and radiobased for addition. It is the entrepreneurial equivalent of air-traffic control, the ideal place to find out what, as they say at Karna, is going down. What is going down at the moment is the festival site.

After losing Mississauga Karna tried several pieces of land before announcing the festival would take place on 1,200 acres of pasture field near Parkhill, seven miles from the summer cottage of Ontario Premier John Robarts. Shortly before the public an-

nouncement the Ontario Provincial Police visited Parkhill with the New York State Police from Woodstock. The township selected was not favorable. The mayor, who had previously supported the festival, announced that he was being persuaded to change his mind by "elected government representatives." The township council's constituency began to discuss the possibility of prohibiting the festival.

Meanwhile, in Toronto, the streets were threatening to cut off funds and a line was formed. So there were a lot of phone calls going in. Click. "Get Glibby in here will ya, Karna."

Glibby is Brian Glibby 23, with long hair, a Wild Bill Hickok mustache, an unrefined N.A. in linguistics and the title of co-director of Human Behaviour Research Group, a consulting firm to Karna. He is a constant trouble shooter, responsible for such things as getting John Lennon temporarily off the Immigration Department's prohibited list for drug convictions and into the country.

"Hi, man. Buzz. Click. Karna on the conference phone. Curry beams and says, 'That's great.' Glibby nods.

Brianway calls. Curry tells Glibby that he has been listed on the board of directors of the Peace Foundation as a linguist. It is just a temporary





Star individuals were in touch up this partnership of Lennon (right), John and Yoko

board of local people to pick the real board. "By the way," says Carry, "we've got the spiritual aspect of the festival cleared up. Clifford looks referred. Carry goes back to the phone."

The spiritual aspect arrived at Karma with Leonard Holthuis, a Vancouverite whose long red hair falls down over his shoulders. Holthuis had been meditating on New Year's Day when he received a vision of his teacher, Dr. Don Harbeck, or Zee, as he is called by his interpretive brothers. Zee told Holthuis to go to Toronto. Holthuis's spiritual vision was to have a powerful effect on the festival place. When Holthuis arrived in Toronto in January, he met another student of the occult, David Burton.

Burton writes pop songs and is involved in music therapy, poetry and art. However, for several years he has been more interested in building a gathering of young people and "filmmakers" from all the world's philosophies except Communism. Together, he and Holthuis refined the plan and brought it to John Brower, president of Karma Productions.

At the time, early January, Brower had his hands full of more earthly problems. A feud had developed between Karma and the Beatles' then boss manager about who would control the proposed Peace Foundation as well as the festival. Brower had begun to collect names for the festival board. The Beatles' representative insisted this had always been John Lennon's prerogative.

Lennon was then in retreat in Denmark, trying to give up smoking. Among him was Holthuis's old teacher, whom Lennon called by his Hindu name, Zee. When he heard of the rift, the Beatles summoned Brower to Denmark to smooth the vibrations with facing meditating energy exchange and telepathy. When the vibrations were somewhat harmonized and he had, through meditation, changed his mind and had decided that the fes-

tival now had to be absolutely free. Brower asked for time to think and left the next morning for Canada. Lennon said he hoped "the larger concept of the Peace Festival and its karma effects had lifted him [Brower] out of his brain-fungus scene." In case it hadn't, Lennon wanted someone in Canada to look after his interests. Zee recommended Holthuis.

One of Karma's early plans was to release a Peace Manifesto a month before the festival. Among other information, it was to include the festival's astrological forecast. The forecast was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Chastain of Orleans, Ontario, and read:

"With maelstrom signs on the angles, the whole matter will be kept in a state of flux. Neptune (drugs and drugs) dominates (and then) and opposes Saturn (fear) in the House of Money, so that fear of drugs and drink will keep opposition from the powers that be. . . . With Venus, ruler of the Second House (Money), venture to Saturn, the show will cost too much for the venture to be profitable. The weather could be a little rainy."

"We must use that!" bellowed Hugh Carry.

As soon as they received the request from John Lennon, Holthuis and Burton flew to Denmark where they sang, fasted and meditated. After two days they left on the understanding that they were the Beatles' representatives in Canada, although Lennon later denied this.

The two Canadians flew straight from Denmark to the Jefferson Airplane's summer in California, where Brower had arranged the first press conference since the announcement of the festival. "Here, Britain told the Karma people that his new position and proceeded to say that everything was set for the festival, including a visit from 'our interplanetary brothers' MOON TO ATTEND PEACE FESTI-

NAL read the heading in the next issue of the most influential pop music magazine.

Before Brower left California he received this telegram: "You have done exactly as we told you not to. We said it was to be free. We were nothing to do with you or your festival. . . . Yours in drugs, John and Yoko."

When Brower returned home in early March he reported Karma of Lennon's so-called representatives. The next morning he opened his door and found a headless chicken wrapped in black silk. Brower picked it up, threw it to a garbage can and walked to the shore where he sat staring at the absorption full words and wondering where it had all gone wrong.

Britain's spiritual beliefs had initially done the festival for less damage on the West Coast than Brower's own inability to answer a number of hard questions. In the six months since Woodstock, the American underground had become highly sensitive to the negative possibilities of festivals, particularly after 100,000 had turned up at a dusty semi-handcuffed drugging area, Altamont, California, to hear a ball tapped by the Rolling Stones. This time the vibrations were bad. There was shoving, slights, bad food and people howling water at a dead, a glass. It reached a climax when, 30 feet in front of the stage, a young Mack was stabbed to death by a band of Be'l's Angels while hundreds of frightened women who had worn inefficient V-naps as if they were fairy wings to make the misadventure disappear.

Six months behind as things, the press had reported Altamont as if it were Woodstock West. Then the underground press broke the news story. On the West Coast the love generation was dead. Altamont was the proof. "There are all kinds of ways to control a crowd," wrote Richard Goldstein, rock's most influential critic who had for years shamed police. "One of the ways is to drain its substance of its ability to perceive violence."

It is the middle of March. While John Lennon has withdrawn from the festival and the West Coast is preparing for a summer of violence, it is business as usual at Karma. Barry Balmer, the artistic director, is listening to a quavery voiced girl on tape singing a proposed festival theme song.

*Give a little thought for peace.
This earth we dwellers will cease.
If enough people are thinking it
Mind it will be making it.
Give a little thought for peace.
It looks enough," says Balmer.*

(continued on page 52)

Tonight's forecast: frosty and light.

Morgan White Rum. A cool, refreshing breeze along the party circuit. Adds a light touch and an intriguing new taste to tried-and-true rum drinks. Keeps your chilled favorites well below the freezing point. And Morgan White displays cool where many others fear to tread. Cocktails, for instance. You just shake 'em up with Morgan White. The big rum in Canada. The light of the party.

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PEACE FESTIVAL *continued*

Actually, he writes the whole piece out of the festival, says just die appear. All a has done is break a lot of musicians. Since the proposed weekend is a holiday in both Canada and the U.S. and since there will be large summer unemployment, they are certain to sell something like 300,000 tickets wherever they put it.

In another office Githby is fond of off a top young salesman who is pushing tokens engraved with the sign of the snake to be used on the site instead of money. The profit comes because the kids decide to keep the ones they don't spend for making beer and refreshments. Githby says that, given so much unemployment, he doesn't think the kids will keep any. The man asks what would happen if they did not have refreshment booths. "Probably a riot," says Githby.

Hugh Curry is talking with the editor of the Peace Magazine about the Peace Note. The Peace Note would be supported by millions of kids phoning city radio stations with their names and addresses to declare themselves for peace, not for any ideology, just for peace.

Outside the door to Curry's office, Kitter is dutifully going through the mail. "The letter is a fair representation of me at this time, which, a year and a half ago, I would have sent to Laver Burren or Senator Kennedy. I'm no longer what I was. I've been through Harvard graduate. I can do anything I choose. I choose music."

"Peace Groove will demand people capable of intelligent administrative planning and dissemination, people who will take hard to see that all that in good and right with Peace Groove is brought to full fruition — together people who will work their tails off because they care about music and peace and a job well done."

It is late afternoon. A photographer has come to take pictures of Brewer while I interview him. He poses beside a giant panda he has just bought for his one-year-old daughter. Brewer looks happy. "After I was supposed to tell me some dirty stories or something?" he asks the photographer. The photographer says he doesn't use that technique. He asks Brewer to make a "kiss." "None of that," says Brewer. "You use a peace sign whenever you want to communicate something, not when you want to hype a photo graph."

Brewer estimates his personal take from the festival at about \$300,000, maybe more if the movie profits were which is not unlikely. "But this was not

it and for the money" he had told me. "I didn't have to give up half the festival take in the Peace Foundation. Man, I'm getting rich right now from a guy in New York who wants to buy an air for \$25 million and have to produce the thing for less. But what he wants to do is charge \$25 a ticket, put it on closed circuit TV, and bring up a money-making game and make some out of it. I want to make this thing an accomplishment, something to show the Establishment, something that's worth more than a dozen PhDs."

Brewer is from an old Upper-Canadian family. His great-uncle is John DeLoach.

"I'm not an Establishment. You've got to relate to the Establishment in ways they understand, show them that they can make more money on peace than on war. That's why this whole thing really has John Lennon. He was just starting to get recognized by the right people. That meeting with Trudeau was just the beginning. I think Trudeau would have come to the festival, and so would Prince Charles and Princess Anne, but now Lennon looks like a soap."

The phone rings. It is the man from New York. "Okay, Brewer begins, 'what kind of deal do you want to make?' Brewer's wife and I go into the kitchen where she shows us a bunch of dry stringy sticks. "It's terrible," she says. "Tanna root is what the soldiers carried in Rwanda's belly. The people who lived here believe that it is not a vegetable. It must have been important to them."

I hear Brewer say, "Maybe we'll sign an agreement in New York." He hangs up the phone and comes to the kitchen. I say that I thought he didn't want to deal with the man from New York. "The man came around," Brewer says. I ask him where the Peace Foundation will fit in.

"It's not going to be just another charity giving hundreds to people who are too lazy to work. What we want to do is help people who have ideas for peaceful products get started."

The foundations first wish will be to back a health-food franchise called Roy-hagen. Roy-hagen is a line made for 13 cents and sold for a quarter, and taste like a chocolate. A percentage of the profits will go into the Peace Foundation. A five percent finder's fee goes to Brewer.

Yogi Bagen, who developed Roy-hagen, will also provide the free food at the festival. Like everything else, free food is a matter of social responsibility and good business. If there's free food, Brewer explains, you need not do the revolutionary types so they don't go around "theftening" the concessions. A spray-free food in

part of the spirit. It's like the army. There's no competition over food."

He asks his wife if there are any snakes. She gets up a plate of frozen conkers. Brewer's fortune says "You will soon be wealthy. Beware says "You will be rich when you should be dead."

"How will you protect my hair and my crop?" was typical of the questions asked in the schoolhouse at Parkhill, a cheap little village looking almost like a prison town. "What of Parkhill is declared a disaster area from the starting company refuses to go?"

What would you do if it were burned down and how would we prove it was the people at the festival who had done it? "What is to prevent these people from staying and living here?"

The officers of Parkhill were not running anywhere and had no choice to become a checkpoint for the thousands of youths on the road in 1970. Parkhill had already lived its peace. It was a place for different from east. President's acceptance of Woodstock grew out of planting a crop and moving for the harvest in Parkhill, you came with love, carefully won attention, not with cynical exploitation, the music highly accelerated the music driving. Why young people would want to live out their minds on drugs was as mysterious to Parkhill as the farmers' case. Confronted opposition was in the surreal, fatality, and the people of Parkhill were not to be surprised.

After about an hour of questions, a boy got up at the back of the schoolhouse. He looked about 16, with long hair but with a nonconformist long jacket and what a tartan necktie. "Don't you see? This is my way, we are all leaving here. There's nothing for us, nothing to do. But the young had always felt bad from leaving since World War I. It was part of the order of things. The movie got up who she, he, passed, and showed the Karma design for writing."

"The boy is still speaking," mapped me of the Karma, who did not understand that this was the way questions worked in McGillicuddy Township.

The movie shuffled a little. "It's late," he explained. "And many of these people have to be up first thing in the morning. First thing in the morning, the movie will have already burned the festival."

It is a very dirty Appleton and already a few double-glazed windows waiting to get into Tanna's. There is a lot of people in the movie (1970). They are mainly local kids, and the hall is mainly local groups. In the

arena there will sit on the common floor. The atmosphere could hardly be called festive, but that's the way it is in Woodstock. Nature in 1970. The movie is because the drugs are harder and the folks louder.

In mid-May, John Brewer announced that Karma had purchased 1,000 acres in the Muskoka-Hastarion area and signed an agreement with the council of Cardwell Township that would permit a more modest festival — in August. But once again Brewer hadn't realized on the superficial opposition of the movement. After some GPP efforts put a split vote to the area, Cardwell council began to have second thoughts. Brewer was a temporary reputation preventing the council from banning the festival, but it looked as though another Parkhill was in the making.

Everywhere, it seems, the live generation is coming down. In the middle-class Tanna suburb of Don Mills, one father has been trying to organize a town meeting of kids, cops, school teachers, schools, churches and parents. The kids had been getting searched and roughed up by the local police. Increasing numbers of stores and restaurants were closing their doors to teenagers. Some kids threw rocks at a second car, and it was not yet summer. The police begged about the meeting, but it was the kids who said "forget it." "It's too late. I wouldn't even bother to go."

A friend from Vancouver told me of a conversation with a 16-year-old. He knew girls who were pregnant; he had friends in jail; friends as cocaine as heroin; or spend "You know, it's really better being a kid these days."



It's a very dirty Appleton and already a few double-glazed windows waiting to get into Tanna's. There is a lot of people in the movie (1970). They are mainly local kids, and the hall is mainly local groups. In the

When An Intrepid Torontonian Crashed The Wild 'Falling-Down Rite' Of Honduras...

...and watched a man being 'mashed quite flat' after drinking too much Tiger Claw. Our adventurer expected to see exotic sights when he set out on a 2,200-mile bicycle trip through Central America. But he never anticipated anything as excessive as the big dance at Yo Creek in the depths of British Honduras

BY PETER STOLLERY



The moment was covered with purple morning glories. The windows were all long. It was not yet nine o'clock, but already the heat from the sun was beginning to burn the back of my neck. I turned left at a crossroads and began cycling the last four kilometers to the frontier at Richmond Agency. I had a plan for crossing from Mexico to British Honduras and I was nervous and I wanted to see if my plan would work.

For a couple of minutes two Mayan boys rode out on each side of me and asked me questions. How far had I come? Canada? Where is Canada? Four thousand kilometers on a bicycle? Oh yes? They moved away to tell their friends.

Now I could see the bridge. The green, white and red Mexican flag stuck out from a custom building on the left. That would be immigration and Customs. The bridge itself was made of steel and grey concrete painted bright orange. Rising from each side were tropical surroundings

made it look like a huge tarantula rushing that someone had lost. It was a left bridge and the sides were painted grey. I could not see across to the British Honduras Police Post because of the height of the span. It seemed like a very complicated bridge for a river that was only 100 yards wide. They called that river the Rio Hondo and it flowed down from the hills of Guatemala.

Back in Mexico, the capital of Yucatan, I had been told by several people who had been to British Honduras that to enter the colony you were required to show \$100 U.S. or an approved tourist ticket. No visas were allowed in British Honduras. I had only four United States one-dollar bills and about 30 Mexican pesos in my pocket. Some money was to meet me in Belize, the capital of British Honduras. If I failed to get across the border, my money would be in Belize and I would be in Mexico and in a lot of trouble.

Chetumal is the last town in that part of Mexico I saw two days there. I had a basket so that I would look neat and not be taken for a hippie at the frontier. I paid a woman to do my laundry. Aldous Huxley was wrong. If the world had any ends, British Honduras would certainly be one of them. So would Chetumal. During the night of September 23-24, 1955, the town of Chetumal, with a population of 2,500 people, was shattered by Hurricane Janet. Four buildings were left standing. The sanatorium on the airport terminal building collapsed after it registered winds of 175 miles an hour. (6) Chetumal just up and blew away.

I looked really neat that morning as I cycled the 12 kilometers to the border crossing on the Rio Hondo. My hat was my proudest possession. It was a beautiful wide-brimmed cotton Panama, the old-fashioned kind with the ridge along the top and an expensive-looking black ribbon. It made me look a lot like Charlie Chan. My white shorts sparkled in the sunlight as did my white Yucatan shirt. I pedaled slowly so I would not sweat.

Officials wearing green uniforms and pith helmets drove from Chetumal in olive white shirts and trousers of the Mexican and of the bridge. One of the officials directed me to a cobbler's on the side of the building. I handed my passport to a man with total glasses. He returned my white tourist card and stamped. He took my passport and stamped. I made my first preparations for the crossing by digging my camera and light meter out of my saddlebags and hanging them around my neck. My plan was to look as much as possible like a wealthy bicyclist who would be in for anything. I remembered years ago reading about a fellow who escaped from David's Island and made his way through Central America disguised as a butterfly collector. I had thought at the time that it was a very good idea. On the back of my bike I carried my orange nylon hammock all rolled up, a mosquito net, and a long wooden pole for the net. My map was in the back of the olive green bag behind my bicycle.

The two drivers and officials walked me good luck and said that it was 130 kilometers to Belize. I took this tourist wrapper off my head back so that no one could tell it was for birds at Eastern North America and I took my bicycle and walked on to the bridge.

About 100 yards from the other end of the bridge was a dirt parking lot and a plain wooden building longer than it was wide and with a door at each end. Near a person was in sight. A large Union Jack flag hung like a target from a pole graced white. Beside the target into the parking lot was a large sign that said to report to Customs and Immigration. The sign was on the right in British Honduras. The sign was in English and Spanish.

Behind, a broken asphalt road led off to the south through thick mud and hot dry trees. Everything looked dusty and forgotten.

It is hard to imagine that some clever person is strong to catch me. I couldn't tell if that clever person, knowing that I didn't have any money, was watching me from a window in the wooden building. To be safe, I flipped open my first book as if I had seen something. I went through a little performance of shaking my head and, with some difficulty because of the heavy covers and light cover, I got on my bike and coasted down the far side of the bridge and along to the wooden building. There was a moment when I considered quietly looking down the road, because of the dark doorway. I was going to have to do it at night when it would be a lot harder.

I went into the building. No driver man tried to trip me. Half a dozen police men. Customs men. I worked behind a counter that looked like the one in Mexico. I couldn't imagine what the men worked at in such an out-of-the-way place, but a typewriter was working and papers rustled. The men ranged in color from huge black men to small white men. They made me feel like I was in a strange land. I saw many kinds of uniforms, from dark suits and very long trousers to khaki pants and matching shirts in the British tropical style.

The Immigration man, a young black chap, gave me a card to fill in. I immediately asked him where I might see a doctor. He looked at me and of course said, "What's a doctor?" His eyes opened a little wider.

Why, a doctor is one of those black men with a big long, funny-looking hat. You know, like the Z. All hell and hell I wish birds. Very interesting hobby. I told my Panama hat on the counter so I wouldn't lose it. I took it. Charlie Chan and quickly flipped some of my bird books to the police man. He looked at the books and the police man would show. "That is why I ride a bicycle. So I can see better."

After a few seconds the Immigration man said, "Yes." He scratched his head. "I have some more to do. You can wait in the high front back in from Orange Walk. Do you go to all these places looking at birds?" He looked through my passport, made up of three passports tied together. He started to get interested and that was that. The Customs men said to be careful with my bike in Belize or they would ruin it. "Watch of thieves, man." He advised me to stay at the Bellevue Hotel. That was it. I was out and I was in the air. I was in the air. The Customs men were very short now. The sky was turning white and very shortly the country would change. I pulled my Panama hat down over my eyes and an old fellow from the border road through the mud, which was a little brownish, of water came. The first antelope and 100 to Belize.

My passport card dropped off as I bounced through Central America. I saw towns of white frame cottages and rustic lots. I changed my pesos in Belize City and had a Coke for 13 cents in a room-shed house. The rate of exchange was \$100 U.S. to 34.60 Belize. Central was almost completely destroyed in 1955 by the same Hurricane Janet that blew apart Chetumal. I had not seen my art part and that was the end of it.

After Corral, the road was terrible and I had to take my bike. In an hour I went five and a half miles.

It was 10 miles from the bridge to Corral and 30 miles from Corral to Orange Walk Town. For nearly the whole distance I traveled between cattle sheds. There were no villages and an occasional collection of wooden cottages with a small store distinguishable from the cottages only by a Pepsi-Cola or Coca-Cola sign tucked up near the door. I saw life lived in people's homes. In the town of Orange Walk, there were Mexican, the Spanish-American, Mito, a mixed race of British whites and Americans that makes up a large part of the Central American population.

On my way the dirt road really rumbled. And now there was traffic. Whenever I heard a motor I had to decide very quickly which way the breeze was blowing and run to the side. I would take a deep breath, pull down my hat, even more, look up into my shoulder and hope that I had picked the right side to the breeze. I saw every man. Then the cars started rumbled past, often as many as three in a row, looking white dust in a cloud that settled everywhere. I saw the trucks all over the road. On the over-loaded boxes and ladders the way. On the truck doors signs were painted: WORK, WORK AND MORE WORK and never came a word. — NO MORE FOR THE WORKERS. The cowboys, the butchers, the truckers all had the same powder-white color as the road. Black reflected from every angle and at half 30 degrees hotter than what was probably 95 degrees. I gradually melted into the white heat. You could see mud-colored. My Panama had grey marks from my fingers. Now there were no shadows. The sky was white.

After many struggling and great discomfort I came in rained. On my left was a small park that looked like a field, except that someone had planted a small banyan sapling and the plaster statue of a woman stood on a recent base. There was an empty trail and a small white building. The road was down a slope to the left. Large spreading banyan trees that shaded many of the shaded houses were full of pink blossoms along the houses front and making a noisy fan. This was Orange Walk Town. There were many people.

Three two-age Canada boys climbed me to the Miramar Hotel Restaurant, a



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AT YOUR SERVICE: MEDICINE

How can you tell if your child is on drugs?

BY M. L. CHAMBERS

It's a sure bet that in every Canadian community some kids regularly use marijuana, and that most have at least tried it. If a current campaign to have Ottawa remove marijuana from the Criminal Code's dangerous narcotics list is successful, it will mean teenagers won't face jail or (at least) temporary forfeiture of their car—but it won't end the fear that parents and parents of teenagers. Is my child experimenting with drugs?

There are ways to tell. The main things to look for are sudden and inexplicable ups and downs in mood, coupled with changes in daily habits and, perhaps, a nose dive in school marks.

Marijuana, while not a narcotic, is a mild hallucinogen. It produces exhilaration and greater awareness when taken in small to medium doses. Large doses may bring hallucinations and "marijuana vision." If your son or daughter is stoned, has a rapid pulse, reddened eyes and a nervous appetite, then marijuana could be the cause. If marijuana is being smoked at home, you'll notice a distinctive smell similar to herbal tobacco or aromatic burning incense.

The narcotic, and therefore more addictive, mood-elevating drugs such as the amphetamines ("speed," "crystal" or "twink") increase breathing and pulse rate, dilate the pupils and produce a talkative, restless excitement. In spite of this great burst of energy there may be no desire to eat. A large dose makes the user suffer from hallucinations, the shakes and blurred vision. The effects last for three or four hours. The user may react drowsy after dose, then sleep for hours when it's all over. After that, watch out for severe depression.

In small doses, the hallucinators such as phenothelene (LSD) or mescaline (cactus) relax the user. Larger doses produce an alcohol-like intoxication. Extreme quantities produce drug sleep or tremendous excitement and hallucinations.

Tranquilizers... as many adults know... create a feeling of well-being, but large doses bring dizziness, nausea, lethargy and an inability to concentrate.

The major hallucinators, such as

LSD are the most unpredictable. The effect of LSD depends on its purity and strength. Symptoms range from the dizzy-like ecstasy of a good trip to the nightmare horrors of a bad one. You'll never forget the result of a bad trip once you use it. The victim suffers tremors, nausea, high blood pressure, racing pulse and high temperature and dilated pupils. All this is topped by frantic terror.

For years, opiates were the popular drugs of fakers, with symptoms of pinpoint pupils, constipation and lethargy. These include heroin itself, and morphine, codeine and heroin. Nerve symptoms are impotence and anhedonia. An acute overdose, such as pain into a stupor. With very large doses the skin becomes cold and clammy, and breathing is shallow.

Anytime a drug and effects produce confusion and light-headedness when the fumes are sniffed. You should be suspicious of these symptoms coupled with a heavy odor on hands, face or clothes. The user may have red, watery eyes and a watering nose. Muscular control is affected and the child may become extremely anxious and aggressive.

What if you suspect your son or daughter is fooling around with drugs? In a long-headed new book, *Drugs And The Law*, Reginald Whittaker says bluntly: "Nobody has yet demonstrated that policemen, judges and prison wardens are better qualified to solve medical problems than medical doctors." And drug addiction, he argues, is a medical problem.

So first consult your physician. He may refer you to your personal agency dealing with addiction. If you don't have a physician, phone or write your personal agency dealer (see box).

Whittaker's book implies that it may not be a good idea to call the police if you are worried about a child taking drugs. The police, he says, have been caught up in a tangle of moral judgment and law enforcement in areas that are essentially personal.

Why have the young turned to drugs? According to one Canadian authority it's not just the possibility that children are becoming adults that worries most parents. It's also the belief that kids haven't earned the right to get high on anything.

Dr. Quentin Rae-Grant told a recent meeting of the Ontario Medical Association that a father once begged him for help regarding a 12-year-old party to an adult cocktail party. And the reply burst: "We have worried hard. We have spent time and money. We therefore have the right to stop ourselves and let him. These adolescents have no rights, they haven't earned their way."

Dr. Rae-Grant, professor of child psychiatry at the University of Toronto, said: "I presume the message was that adolescents have not the right to believe in a higher law or rules, or as more rules than the adults on whom they model themselves."

Reginald Whittaker takes much the same view. He tells adults to stop at effect. "Look kids, we all have problems. Some of us smoke pot, or drug acid, or sniff glue, or chew Morning Glory seeds. We drink."

"First pot and our boots are so soaked. But they can become the main problem if we let them—you can end up as wrecked and dying speed freaks or as stuporous, limping potheads. We can end up as decaying alcoholics or cocaine snorters. Why don't we ask together instead?"

If they do get together, says Whittaker, kids might find out why they hate adults and adults might learn the reason why they fear kids. "But don't hold your breath until it happens," he warns. □

If You Need Help, Consult...

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AT YOUR SERVICE: MONEY

The 'essentials' are the stocks you can do without!

THE "BASIC INDUSTRY" fallacy has probably caused more stock market disappointments for both buy and sell investors than any other illusion. Be wary when you hear phrases such as "It's basic to this country's health."

Every one has to buy food (or eat or anything else). We could never do without it.

You can't count on buying a solid bit of stock, staying with it over the years and making a comfortable profit in the stock. You are all too likely to end up in a dull stock with very little capital gain in it.

Why? Because "basic" industries and companies are not "basic." Consumers react furiously when they want to raise prices. The food chains are an example. Governments crack down hard during inflationary times, and companies are becoming an example of this.

Lillian Comstock A shares this year were selling below seven dollars. Dominion Stores stock was below \$15, Steinberg's under \$15, too. As a group, these stocks went well below levels in the mid-1960s and similar in price of the early part of the decade.

The heavily regulated utilities are much the same. Bell Telephone, AT&T and Calgary Power haven't had much to offer long-term investors in the past decade.

Ask yourself these questions. In the public in the habit of complaining about the company's profits? Is it an industry in which government is inclined to intervene in pricing and other decisions? Does government scheme on tariffs, anti-monopoly law and similar issues have special interest? Is the business solid, mature and a little dull?

If the answers to any or all are strongly affirmative, beware of the stock, unless there are other reasons for buying it. All such stocks may have wide short-term swings in which profits can be made, but few are likely to provide long-term investments.

Does this sound like advice to avoid many of the industries and companies most essential to Canada? It is. The fact is that there are likely to be major profits in investing in industries regarded as less essential. These such as computers, computers,

advanced electronics, unusual service industries and most oil and mine corporations are likely to offer the really big capital gains.

Consider Albita Paper, one of the world's big computer in its field. For years it did its big job of turning out pulp and paper, and the stock swung between seven dollars and \$15 with not evidence of a long-term rise. Then, in 1968, reports began to come in of a probable new mine in prospect. Albita would have a 60% interest. The stock promptly began to work its way higher.

Shares in Canadian makers of business forms have been a good investment over the past 10 years. You might easily have bought stock of Moore Corporation, which makes forms, for the equivalent of \$10 in the early 1960s or two dollars at the 1950s. This year it was well over \$30.

It's not quite as simple as refusing to buy into a basic industry and always investing in something new, solid or not viable to consumers and government.

Many companies are a mixture of the two — a mixture that changes as management strives to get more up and profit into its operations. And the degree of "basicness" or public visibility is always shifting — as industries mature or public attitudes change. For example, copper producers this year were subjected to stiff government controls on their domestic prices and supply. They earned some investors to take a new and logical look at some of the copper shares.

It's not unusual today to try to profit something entirely different on a stock's basicity. Consider Seaboard's goes into discount department stores. Bell of Canada is pushing hard into super-new electronics. Imperial Oil gets into more exploration and the oil sector business.

A new idea or product is in itself so guarantee of stock-market profits. It may encourage a flood of new money into the particular industry, as with discount department stores during the 1960s or computer services, computer sales recently. The winning stocks in the area usually represent companies that either some dominant feature of exclusive ownership of a patent, a process, a highly respected trade name or reputation.

The moral is that long-term investors stay away from essential or basic industries unless they find special reasons for investment. And once there they should watch their investments carefully to see that the special reasons are valid and the company doesn't descend to the routine production of the same old thing. □

Bilingual Crossword For Non-Bilingual People: No. 3

BY DELLE HAMILTON

Horizontal

1. Jeunesse. First past "Maurice"; comme un —, funny Canadian (10)
4. Partie d'un idiographe (14)
6. Terme de poker (4)
8. Une des Gales (3)
10. Révisé des points de métrique au des films, par Neil Simon (4)
12. Client d'un médecin (4)
14. M. Deffenbacher — le Canada de 1957 à 1958 (3)
16. Ce que les femmes aiment coiffer (4)
17. Calfres pour les séries de la Loi (4)
18. Une connaissance interprète par Freud (4)
20. Vieux sans (quatre) (4)
22. Contrat pour prêter ou prêter (10)
24. "A chaque de nous selon ses —" (deux) (10)
26. Famine (4)
28. Troupe d'animés (4)
30. Remède du jeûne (3)
32. Confort (4)
34. Mot connoté (3)
36. Méthode sans voix (4)
38. Baron Raoul de "Theory" (10)
40. Égypte (10) (10)
42. Terminaison d'une phrase (4)
44. Cane d'être sold (10)
46. Cane, cane, cane d'homme (Edward Lear) (10)
48. Infamies (4)
50. "Le — Baudelaire," par Edgar Allan Poe (10)
52. Unité, voix cibles (10)
54. Infamie (4)
56. Géométrie fine d'aujourd'hui (10)
58. Couleurs démodées (4)
60. Sans fin (4)
62. Première note du célèbre "ave" créé par Gustav Mahler (10)
64. Ne pas flatter (4)
66. Technique de projection (10)
68. Pièce longue (10)

2. Vintner comme un (4)
3. Dépit (4)
5. Mère de l'été (4)
7. Ressort en forme (10)
9. Sauts de l'édifice (4)
11. Cane, cane, cane d'homme (Edward Lear) (10)
13. Choeu acoustique (10)
15. Mère (10)
17. Inter (10)
19. Dénier, note des derniers mal de l'Union (James Joyce) (10)
21. Avoir peur (4)
23. Plus (10)
25. 1964, Prix de Gouverneur Général — Le Plus Fervent Cours d'Étude, par A. R. M. Lower (10)
27. Plus, l'édifice d'Édile (10)
29. Manière une l'édifice (10)
31. Appareil (10)
33. Henri VIII en a mangé (10)
35. De — sans ses (10)

Vertical

1. Accusation, Anna — (4)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13				14			
15			16				17			
18		19		20		21				
	22		23		24		25	26	27	
28	29	30	31	32	33				34	
			35		36		37			
			38		39		40			
41		42			43	44				
		45		46	47		48	49	50	51
52	53	54		55		56			57	
58				59					60	
61				62					63	

- capacité (10) (10)
- De mer (4)
- Mère de Catin (10)
- Changer le décor (4)
- "Ave" (10)
- Château (10)
- République fédérale (10)
- De (10)
- "Mère — sont les nœuds d'Édile" (10)
- Château de com (4)
- Conscience (10)
- En son (10)
- Édile le droit (4)
- En son (10)
- Télévision des États-Unis (10)
- Cause de la troupe de (10)
- Petit enfant (10)
- Cause d'arrêt avec le (10)
- De — sans ses (10)

ANSWER: AEROPLANE NO. 1 (PARTLY) MISTAKE
The last line wouldn't flow
"Just look three steps out
on the unbroken path, stop
at the end, and the last word
and have your new Appl
last, and end there or two
otherwise you'll hit him
that to him, and in their
endless attempts to help
him up — they shied from
obstacles."

DIRECTIONS: The clues are in French; you fill in the answers with English. The French is easy — what you remember of your Highschool French should come in handy. Bilingual Crossword will appear every other month, alternating with Canada's Toughest Acoustic. Answer to the puzzle above will appear next month.

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



No.

A reward for men. A delight for women. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Fearfully as laughter. The whiskey that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.



REVIEWS JULY 1975

The Entertainment Of Tomorrow Is All On This Man's Wall

BY JON RUDDY

Come join Gordon's Wall. This is the living room of his Waterloo, Ontario, bungalow, a \$15,000 bank of advanced audio-visual equipment whose heart is a McIntosh preamplifier and whose brain is a unique free switch, the latter controlled — so far — by Gordon himself. The Wall is one of a kind, a prototype. We'll all have something like it in 10 years or we'll flounder around trying to keep up in the flood of information. Or we'll drop out with the successors to the hippies.

Such are the alternatives — in the modern view of Donald R. Gordon, at age 35. This overworked adjective "plugged-in" might well have been coined for him. A 40-year-old former Canadian Press and Financial Post reporter and CBC correspondent who now teaches a course in communications at the University of Waterloo, he's fascinated with the extent that he can see 200 personal and watches TV, browsing from Bufile (which he finds a more informative about the state of society than The National News). Gordon is also fascinated about the increasing quantity of commercials, and almost the last thing he did with the Wall, or its successor in May, was to set it up to record on video tape the hours clustered in twenty intervals in the TV schedule.

He built the Wall with his own money, partly to collect useful documents, material, keep up with developments in communications and make tapes of professional quality (he's a free-lance producer and broadcaster). But primarily, he says the Wall's "for the joy of living." Now he can selectively accommodate



Hill is Donald Gordon's idea with a studio light — to give you extra glow. The other one is a Dual changer that'll play up to 100 records — The pot commensurate speakers in my desk in the basement. It's got a pitch adjustment so that when I hang along on the tape, it'll go a half-tone up or down.

Then the McIntosh preamplifier. Everything travels through it, and for television sound or video tape playback you set it in the auxiliary position. Then you see the picture on the monitor and hear the sound through your speakers, which give you a stereo effect. This is unique, especially with television scenes. Given you much better music, too. The amplifier is in short on, and in a tape from the A.M. I have it's got all kinds of filters and things so that I can play around with the sound. With the preamplifier I've got separate bass and treble for each speaker. When I put on the full bass the floor shakes. It's a 100-watt amp, but, not wild.

"Then there's the heavy console, it's called a Tron-

singleplay. There's two color systems in that it has a single source, cameras rather than the usual three color guns. And, I think, a much better picture. It's on a touch screen. It's set up to be either a standard TV or a link to the video tape recorder when you switch to the time position. And together with color patch it gives you the capacity to record black and white or color programs up to an hour in length with the tapes that I presently have.

There's a switch panel next to the seven-day timer. That timer has two-stage turn on and turn-off mechanism and seven different power sources and amazingly complicated tape. It's the only one in existence. It was designed for me by Bob Ryan, a Toronto engineer who worked on the Star Trek. It will turn on the video tape to start up and work in state in such as five minutes as much as seven days apart. The switch panel allows me to set the timer to launch automatically from the TV or any combination of the other components." □

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Walker's Crystal Vodka hasn't the slightest hint of aroma or taste. Perfect for guests who like their favourite mixer to come through.

People with good taste always seek out the ultimate Crystal Gin and Crystal Vodka.

Walker's Crystal Gin and Crystal Vodka.



Brown Walker & Sons Limited, Walkerville, Canada

From men to brutes to fiends at My Lai 4: a tardy reconstruction

BY GORDON DONALDSON

"Some GIs were shooting and yelling during the massacre," Carter recalled. "The boys enjoyed it. When someone laughs and jokes about what they're doing, they know it is enjoyable."

It was March 16, 1968. Private Herbert Carter's unit, Charlie Company, First Battalion, Tenth Infantry, was systematically exterminating all life in the Vietnamese hamlet called My Lai 4. Old men, women and children were herded to a porch and viewed down at through binoculars. Women died clutching their babies but the babies were shot or bayoneted just the same. Toddlers looking for their dead parents were killed on the street. One was posing for an army photographer when his head was blown off. Women and young girls were raped, then slaughtered.

An American helicopter pilot hovering overhead was struck with horror and disgust. He ended in garbage to save the women and children, ordering them to shoot the Americans if necessary. He issued one helio OC My Lai's 700 souls, between 600-800 were murdered. The rest were the young men. They had disappeared, presumably to join the Viet Cong, before Charlie Company arrived. By nightfall the VC were back in the hamlet, conducting mass burial services. The U.S. Army claimed a victory. A North Vietnamese unit had been caught by a pioneer movement and 128 Communist soldiers killed. General William Westmoreland, Commander in Vietnam, said "Congratulations to officers and men of C-1135 [Charlie Company] for outstanding action."

It was 16 months before the real story reached the American public. The North Vietnamese had published it in France a month after the massacre. Hundreds of Americans in Vietnam knew about it. The disastrous commander, Major-General Samuel Koster, was in one of the 66 helicopters flying over the area that day. An intelligence officer taped the command radio conversations. The army photographer was discharged shortly afterwards and showed some of his My Lai pictures to Robert Hertz, the 35-year-old former police reporter who did most to break the story in the United States, didn't hear about it until October 1969. Even when he had assembled the bare facts he couldn't win any major U.S. publication in them. Now he has completed a six-month investigation, including interviews with more than 30 of the GIs involved, and published a book that is far more than a simple account of an atrocity. His attempts to explain how Charlie Company may have reached the state of degradation required to do what they did, why they did it and how the chaos covered it up.

The men were not professional murderers like the machine-gunners of the 1st and 2nd. They were men from the South. They were not even promising military leaders. They were mostly between 18 and 22, mostly high school, with a few Montana Americans. They were in the cavalry because of their

poor showing in a grade school. Half of the 130 had failed the basic army intelligence tests and had been accepted on the understanding they would get remedial education. They never got it.

Captain Ernest "Mud" Dyer, 33, was considered a good, tough army man who had risen from the ranks but lacked the education needed to make major.

He didn't show any respect for 24-year-old Second-Lieutenant William Calley and neither did the men. Calley, five-foot-three, was a platoon guide. The men thought he was "a kid trying to play war."

The GIs didn't share Madison's and Calley's enthusiasm for the war but came to hate the Vietnamese — say Vietnamese. The company that in moments without warning took much of the lives of 500 men was VC or not. They shot the odd civilian. It was months before they collected their first guilty remarks, a genuine VC unit. Other companies had dozens of men. Six men were killed when the company blundered into a minefield apparently led by itself. That made them old. The minefield was just before the My Lai operation a sergeant was killed by a VC booby trap and the men entered the hamlet bent on revenge.

Hard words confounding opinions about their orders. Some thought Madison meant to kill everybody. Others thought they were to kill only VC and destroy the village. They were ready for the enemy but he wasn't there. Nobody fired back and only three weapons were captured. Several GIs had their heads so full of military apt, dead or alive.

"We were all psyched up," one field investigator. "The shooting started almost as a chain reaction. First we machine-gunned a few men running and then I knew we were shooting at everything. I guess you could say the men were out of control. They killed a cow with bullets. When a woman appeared beside the cow they milled

her, too. One GI blew up a water buffalo with a grenade launcher. Other fired at other livestock killed with people. Private Michael Bernhardt said he watched Medina take a punch at a girl in a rice paddy, drop her, then walk up to her and finish her off.

The army men were watching the massacre but didn't try to report it. The photographer didn't submit his pictures to headquarters because he knew they wouldn't be released. The reporter asked the task-force commander how he was supposed to write a story about 128 dead VC when only three weapons were found. He was told he could make a good story without mentioning that fact. Victory stories, based on his account, was published around

Herb finds it difficult to understand why the massacre remained "secret" for so long. The answer is clear. The army didn't want to tell about it and the U.S. public didn't want to hear. Public opinion polls published last winter indicate that a majority would have preferred it kept secret. Herby's book is a horrifying account but causes little more than a passing ripple. The U.S. is already as steeped in guilt and horror that the conventional trials of William Calley and some of his men, due this summer, will go the same way. So will the trials of General Kravitz and other officials involved in the Vietnam War. The story of the soldier's actions and the Great Seal of the United States will probably agree that it was not the general's fault, but the lieutenant who fired the shot of Charlie Company into babies and down brutes into fields. My Lai, and Private Carter, was the logical result of the war. "The people didn't know why they were doing it and the guys didn't know why they were shooting them."

My Lai 4. A Report On The Massacre And Its Aftermath, Seymour H. Hersh, Random House, \$9.95 □

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